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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The deposit from the latest bulk of rumours from the Far East is quite unusually small in proportion to the expectations, which even Reuter supported on Wednesday. It is now tolerably certain that the Japanese, following the American example at Santiago, made an unsuccessful attempt to block the harbour by sinking ships in the narrow entrance. Four of these "fire-ships", as they were called in the telegrams, were escorted towards the harbour by eight or nine torpedo boats. Apparently two of the "fire-ships" were driven ashore and two sunk by the guns of the "Retvisan" which would have plenty of opportunity—using the words of the official despatch—to cover herself with glory, considering that she is lying in the fair way. The loss of some torpedo boats is an event reckoned on for a dead certainty in any attack in which they are engaged, three out of five would be nothing out of the way, and the most extraordinary part of the attacks made respectively on the 8th and 14th is that the boats seem to have got away unharmed. Of course we do not—indeed cannot—accept it as a fact that such was the case: if it were the Japanese have little to fear from Russian gunnery. The squadron under Admiral Wirenius is stated to be retracing its steps to Europe, a course necessitated by the exigencies of naval warfare.

On land nothing has happened to suggest doubts of the official pronouncement made in S. Petersburg last week. One must admire, if not the style, the fine candour of the confession then made that Russia would attempt no serious movement for several months. Her policy is to mass troops—and the distance, bridged only by a single line, must make the progress slow—until she is in a position to outweigh, certainly in cavalry and artillery, probably in numbers, the advancing Japanese army. It is a question how much advantage the Japanese can make of the interval. Should they even be successful enough to establish their position north of the Yalu to take Port Arthur and Vladivostok, the war will still only be approaching its decisive phase. Of the actual movements of troops we have heard little; even reports have been unimaginative.

Russian scouts have been seen south of the Yalu. A portion of the Vladivostok line was said to have been destroyed and some Japanese—it was at first suggested Japanese officers—hanged for an attempt to blow up a culvert on the Siberian railway. It is not a little remarkable that one of the Russian papers openly asserts that Admiral Alexeieff has not enough troops even to guard the railway. It is certain that he has himself more functions than one man can fulfil, and the appointment of General Kuropatkin to take supreme command of the army is an acknowledgment of this rather than any aspersion on Alexeieff, Admiral, Generalissimo, and Viceroy.

In his capacity as Viceroy he has issued a curious manifesto to the Chinese impressing on them with threats the joint duty of remaining neutral and assisting the Russian conveyance of troops; but the ill logic of the proclamation is the fault not of Admiral Alexeieff but of what may be called the joint ownership of Manchuria. Count Lamsdorff's action is more open to criticism. He has made a public protest, associated apparently with a note to the separate Powers, against Japanese treachery. It may be that Japan has not in all details observed the strict letter of the law of nations, but if Count Lamsdorff has any proof of such breach he greatly weakens his case by alleging treachery in the first act of the war. There was an interval of two days after the breaking off of diplomatic negotiations, an allowance of "law" sufficient on any grounds.

The news, which comes from Washington, of the signing of a treaty between Japan and Korea is capable of other interpretations than the Americans have put upon it. By the terms of the treaty Japan guarantees the "integrity and independence" of Korea, but that these words do not always carry the precise meaning they suggest we have a hint in the comparison, which also comes from America, between the intentions of Japan to Korea and the action of the United States towards Cuba. If Korea in the event of a Japanese victory is to be as independent as Cuba, the guarantee is not a thing to be proud of. What has happened is that Korea, wisely or not, has given itself up wholly to Japan; the acts of its Government so-called are the acts of the Japanese Government. But according to the letter of the law Japan has violated the neutrality of Korea and the new treaty is designed to get rid of the imputation. The device is astute and not unworthy, but it is beside the mark to accept the treaty as an

instance of Japanese generosity in giving independence to a country of which, except to a small extent, she is for the moment in supreme control. Whatever the issue of the war Korea can now hardly expect much profit either from the interested gratitude of one side or the irritation of the other.

A great number of delicate points connected with the principle of neutrality are already opened by the war. The Russian gunboat "Mandjur" still refuses point blank to leave the safe refuge of Shanghai harbour and the Chinese Government is still discussing whether it shall insist on essential portions of the machinery being forcibly removed. In the French manifesto of neutrality no mention is made of a time limit during which a neutral nation may give a belligerent the sanctuary of its harbourage and the alleged seizure of two English coalers on the way to Japan has suggested that Russia has been using the beneficent neutrality of Jibuti. The press is doing much to accentuate the dangers that may arise from these nice questions. In the German press have appeared wholly gratuitous paragraphs purporting to be quotations from English papers in which England is accused of gross breaches of neutrality. The Wei-hai-wei rumour we have before traced to its London source, but it is still believed popularly in France and Russia. No one may yet tell how far this silly credulity among the public and the knavish anxiety of the press to exploit it may complicate a position already dangerously involved.

The danger from these manufactured lies and general credulity has been, as far as could be, eliminated by Lord Selborne's straight denial of the uncomfortable rumours connected with British neutrality. He took them one by one categorically. The two Japanese cruisers sent from Genoa did not leave under the British flag nor were they escorted by British vessels. The officers who took them to Japan were not in the navy and their names were removed even from the emergency list of volunteers when they accepted the Japanese offer before the war broke out. As to the docking of Russian destroyers at Malta every courtesy had been observed, though verbal communication had caused some regrettable misunderstanding. Lord Selborne again took the trouble to deny the silly Wei-hai-wei rumour and concluded his list of refutations with an avowal that agents were employed abroad to compose and publish such misrepresentations. Some of the English papers might, in their hostility to Russia, be put in the list of conspirators, as the origin of the Wei-hai-wei rumour shows. We hope that they will have the wisdom and patriotism to welcome the manly courtesy of Lord Selborne's explicit statement.

It was perhaps fortunate that the subject of Tibet came up for discussion in the House of Lords on Friday. There may have been a certain amount of mystery, and certainly there has been a great deal of misapprehension, as to Colonel Younghusband's expedition. We venture to think that the country will be a great deal reassured by Lord Hardwicke's statement. Lord Reay desired to suggest that the Government were engaged on an expedition which, if it could not be exactly described as piratical, was at any rate wantonly aggressive. There was nothing he declared either in the disposition of the Tibetan Government or in the attitude of Russia, to warrant any such step. The fact is that the policy of cultivating free intercourse with the Tibetans dates from the time of Warren Hastings. So far the monastic government have for years shown the utmost unfriendliness to this country, treating our advances with insult. The people on the other hand are friendly and desirous of cultivating closer relations. Nor is it true to say that there is nothing to apprehend on the side of Russia. She has for long had a virtual representative, whether technically an agent or not, at Lhasa. It was high time that some step were taken to let the Tibetans see that British influence is not an illusion.

The award of the arbitrators appointed by The Hague Tribunal to settle the Venezuelan dispute was described in the first messages as unexpected. We do

not hold The Hague Tribunal to be a universal cure for injustice, but there was no reason to suppose that M. Muravieff and his assessors would come to a decision either diplomatic or prejudiced. Germany Italy and Great Britain, the belligerent nations, are adjudged to have priority of claims over other creditor nations and Mr. Bowen's ill-judged, ill-mannered contention is wholly rejected. The arbitrators agreed with Lord Lansdowne's point that the case of the other nations was on the whole helped rather than hindered by the naval proceedings. It was perhaps inevitable that the duty of seeing to the fulfilment of the judgment should have been given to the United States. Their irritability against M. Muravieff, who perhaps made a rather injudicial speech at the close of the arbitration, is perhaps accounted for by the fact that Venezuela owes them some four times the sum that she owes to us; and it is very clear that a great many years must elapse before 30 per cent. of the custom dues of La Guaira and Porto Cabello will leave a surplus for the payment of other nations. When we have to deal with a tribunal of really impartial jurists, British interests have a chance. What a pity Alaska could not be referred to The Hague!

Dr. Jameson seems to have succeeded in forming a Progressive Ministry without serious difficulty. The Cabinet has a business-like appearance. Colonel Crewe, who beat Mr. Sauer at Aliwal North, Mr. Victor Sampson, a brother of the late Colonel Wools Sampson, and Sir Lewis Michell have the local knowledge and a grip of affairs particularly necessary just now in any member of a Cape Government. Mr. Sampson has resigned his De Beers directorship and Sir Lewis Michell, pending the taking of a similar step, enters the Ministry without portfolio. The Progressive victory at the polls was unquestionably largely Dr. Jameson's own work. As we said last week, his first business will be to assure British predominance in the future by the passing of a redistribution bill which will deprive the Dutch of the ridiculous over-representation they now enjoy. During the campaign, Dr. Jameson had a very delicate part to play. He denounced the enemies of the capitalists, who are indispensable to the prosperity of South Africa, but he was more strenuous in opposition to the introduction of Chinese labour to the Rand. He proposes to introduce measures to render it impossible for the Chinese to cross the borders into Cape Colony, but he does not appear to have indicated how the capitalists in the Transvaal can profitably employ their wealth if enough labour is not forthcoming.

The Opposition has been very tenacious of its no-slavery cry in connexion with Chinese in South Africa. It is true that Dr. Macnamara had some logical ground for the motion for adjournment he introduced on Monday. The regulations and safeguards with which the new labourers are to be "ribbed and palèd in" alone rob their introduction of danger, and these regulations are not to be laid on the table till the Labour Ordinance is settled. But the House has been informed in some detail of the nature of these regulations; and though Mr. Lyttelton showed an unnecessary amount of indignation at the suggestion of his word not being good enough, the House can well afford to take on trust regulations of which thorough approval has been expressed in the colony concerned. The slavery is of a very much qualified nature if the Chinaman, who comes of his own will, earns seven times his normal and native wage and is given the benefit of an advanced application of the Employers' Liability principle.

The discussion on the Army Supplementary Estimates gives us a foretaste of the forthcoming wrangle when those of the next financial year are introduced. We admit that £2,700,000 seems rather an alarming sum to demand as an excess. Still in winding up the affairs of such a huge undertaking as the South African war, it is almost inevitable that outstanding charges should still be coming in. Amongst other items there is also an additional charge for the China campaign; and there is a charge of £219,000 for pay and messing

allowance owing to the surplus of establishment in the cavalry and artillery. This again is inevitable. For though, since the war closed, every effort has been made to reduce those branches from a war to a peace footing, it has not hitherto been possible to do so completely. On the other hand there is now unfortunately a deficit in the infantry.

The other principal head of the supplementary vote is incurred by the eternal Somaliland campaign, which, in spite of Mr. Arnold-Forster's sanguine anticipations, hardly yet seems within measurable distance of the end. We have heard so many similar statements already; and considering the number of expeditions which have started against the Mullah under four different commanders—Ternan, Swayne, Manning and Egerton—we are inclined to be sceptical until the whole business is really settled. In any case the unpleasant fact remains that up to the present the expedition has cost £1,800,000.

Following close on the vote for additional expenditure during the current year in respect of the navy services comes the First Lord's explanatory statement of the Estimates for the financial year 1904-5. A comparison of the vote with the statement is necessary to get a correct notion how the total account works out. The figures continue to swell and represent for the coming year an increase of £2,432,000. It is of no use blinking the fact that these estimates must continue to grow, and the country is more likely to be reconciled to the fact in face of so late an example of what naval unpreparedness may bring about. The programme for the year has been somewhat modified by the "unforeseen emergency" which brought about the purchase of two Chilean battleships. Two battleships will now be laid down in August instead of three in April. The reasons given for buying the two foreigners are convincing enough to most people, and though they have undeniable disadvantages as British fighting machines, their purchase was in the circumstances a good bargain. The statement emphasises a development in naval architecture, and we see the unarmoured cruiser giving place to the armoured type, the torpedo boat proper to the destroyer and submarine, one class of vessel gradually rendering the other obsolete.

It is perhaps natural that on the Continent and in England the King's inspection of the arsenals and dockyards at Portsmouth and of the combined flotillas of destroyers should have led to a certain amount of wild inference. His compliments on the absolute "readiness" of the fleet contain suggestive phrases; but the date of the visit and the words of congratulation have of course no present political bearing. The visit was suggestive rather of the thoroughness with which the King does work which there is much precedent for reducing to a mere formality. The detailed interest, and even investigation, of the King may be accepted as a valuable contribution to efficiency. It provides a recurrent stimulus which, however conscientious and keen officials may be, is felt by them to be a sort of help which nothing else quite supplies. The visit to Osborne emphasised another debt which the Navy owes to the initiative of the King.

Fiscal reform would make more rapid progress, if speeches made in its interest were more often after the character of Mr. Hewins' lecture at S. Peter's Institute on Monday. What the public want is education in fiscal matters, but it is difficult to see in what way too many of the speeches made under the auspices of the Tariff Reform League could educate anybody, even including the speakers; who sometimes seem to be more in need of education than their audience. Mr. Hewins, on the contrary, gave a really educative address, as one would expect from him. He was very right to advise the public to turn its attention from the Parliamentary situation of the moment to the undercurrents of opinion which are modifying social life and will sooner or later bring the House of Commons into line. He showed that the preferential trade movement is merely a phase

in a general development that has been going on for many years. Mr. Hewins will be allowed by opponents as well as friends to be careful in his facts; he has had too severely scientific a training not to be; and he states deliberately that in his view the Continent is justified in thinking that our agricultural industry was destroyed, that our manufactures were sinking into a third place, and in time our capitalistic supremacy must disappear. Is it not time a new departure were made?

On Monday the Court of Arbitration considering the claims of the water companies gave the awards decided on in the case of four of the companies that have been before them. These awards are in an alternative form depending on various legal points being solved such as the right or otherwise to the sinking funds and other points which will no doubt ultimately be settled by the Court of Appeal or perhaps the House of Lords. Thus the Lambeth Company in the meantime is awarded £4,301,000 or £4,589,000: the Southwark and Vauxhall Company £3,603,000 or £3,926,000: the Chelsea Company £3,305,000 or £3,418,000: the Kent Company £2,712,000.

Sir Leslie Stephen's death takes away our last great professional man of letters. He was not a philosopher, but he could write about philosophy; nor was he a creative author, but his literary knowledge and tastes were wide and he could make authors and literary history interesting to those who very likely would not have read anything much deeper. His books on the Utilitarians and the Eighteenth Century were his best and most original work. As in the case of his perhaps more distinguished brother, the Judge, there had been eliminated from his mental system the Evangelical fervour of the Clapham sect, and his agnosticism and carefully cultivated indifferentism made him more sympathetic with the Deism or scepticism of the eighteenth century and of utilitarianism than with any other period or phase of thought. He wrote very interestingly on ethics, and was a sort of ethical missioner; but he was too intellectually frigid to be stimulating. Often his writing was more valuable for its recognition of the difficulties of a subject than for definite conclusions: and this so-called suggestiveness or allusiveness made him sometimes rather irritating, as in the George Eliot biography for instance. Successful at setting other men to write, his editorship of the Dictionary of National Biography will carry his and the publishers' names down to posterity if nothing else does. There is now a singular barrenness of men of his type—admirable if not great.

There is some to do over a dramatic criticism by Matthew Arnold which has been dug out of an old issue of the "Pall Mall Gazette" then edited, we suppose, by Mr. Frederick Greenwood. Apparently Arnold had a fancy whilst in town to go to several theatres and write his view of them for the paper. He went to see "Forget-me-not" &c. and wrote "Miss Geneviève Ward is a host in herself. . . . Miss Geneviève Ward has three 'arrangements', an arrangement in black, an arrangement in grey, and an arrangement in red, of which the arrangement in red is the most irresistible, but every one of them is charming". It sounds rather like "Our Lady Representative's" account of the dresses at the first night of a play; and young "literary" bloods are half tipsy with delight over the find. "Clever" things showing the "true literary instinct" and full of "the fine flower of fastidiousness" are being said about it. Somebody or other, who is a God unto the exquisite, appears to have put it into four biting words—"Arminius talking like Bottles". It is all very good no doubt for those whose finikin business is to be "clever": but where is the real gain of raking up any trash that a great man has written or spoken? Instead of wasting time in hunting up such stuff and in thinking out good things to say of it, how much more would it avail a man to read Arnold's best work, and hold his peace.

It is an interesting fact that the two men, who have been most efficient for years past in forwarding

legislation for the protection of wild birds, are both keen sportsmen, Sir Herbert Maxwell and Mr. Sydney Buxton. Mr. Buxton, at the meeting of the Society for the Protection of Birds on Wednesday, predicted that his Bill, which is a step further in this direction, would shortly pass the House of Lords. The County Council Parks Committee, we see, is intent to increase the number of wild birds of different species in the Parks. Probably the number of titmice, great, cole, and blue if not marsh, might be increased, though it is doubtful whether they would often nest in the Parks. The house sparrows certainly interfere a good deal with other nesting birds, but no one who has watched sparrows closely and long, and who really cares for bird life, could join in the outcry against them. There is no bird fuller than the sparrow of character, clever device, above all of the power of concentration. If he were in any danger, we should all clamour for protection on his behalf.

None of the papers gave an adequate acknowledgment of the disgrace of the scene at Tottenham on Saturday last. One does not expect a high standard of behaviour of the crowds who watch professional matches: local feeling in its modern perversion is too much involved with a desire to make a profit out of visitors. But one did not expect to see men stand up in reserved seats and shout abuse and threats at each other with impotent fury. They were only less a disgrace to the spirit of playing the game than the crowds which swarmed over the field of play. Happily the Football Association took the tumult more seriously than the press, and some charitable institution is to benefit by £350 in which sum the Tottenham Hotspur Club is mulcted. The club itself perhaps was not able to control its supporters. It certainly could not prevent its team being a goal to the bad, which seems to have been the sole cause of the outbreak. The whole incident is an unhappy symptom of the spirit that professional play and professional crowds may produce. We cannot believe that of the crowd that disgraced itself, and was only quieted by the exhortation of a few prominent amateur players, any considerable proportion had itself undergone the discipline of the game.

The boy plaintiff who has been so much tittered about was awarded a farthing damages. Mr. A. B. Lucy, a cool youth of nineteen, who lately left Marlborough and is reading for Holy Orders, paid too much attention to Mrs. Wilkins and the Misses Wilkins to please Mr. Wilkins, who warned him off and wrote to his father. The youth placed the matter in the hands of his solicitors, and as a result judge and jury and various eminent lawyers were for a whole week concentrating themselves on the affairs of a household at Croydon. Middle-class realism rarely goes down in fiction: it is vastly fascinating in actual life to the public: hence crowded courts and columns of description in the press. Surely the solicitors might have been content with the farthing which they must have felt sure of getting for their client. The sordid stuff dragged up about the maid and the cook and what the cook said about her master and so on had no effect, we should say, but to tickle the idle loiterers who thronged the gallery.

The halfpenny stampede of the Liberal press will end on Monday. Roughly speaking all the Liberal newspapers in London except one are now penny papers "sold for a halfpenny". In this singular competition to give away, as it were, to every reader of a Liberal penny newspaper—"sold for a halfpenny"—thirteen shillings no pence and one halfpenny a year, Whitefriars Street at one time made all the running and looked like an easy winner. But Bouverie Street came in first. It is another question altogether who will be in last. We have no doubt that the competitors all know their business and that it is a sound move commercially and politically. But would it not have simplified matters if the two leading penny papers had combined? They could still have knocked off 50 per cent, and have sold—the two—for one penny. Meanwhile we look around and wonder who may be going next.

THE FUTURE OF THE LONDON SCHOOLS.

IT is unfortunate that the one feature we have to rely on in the coming County Council election to rouse the elector to a livelier recognition of his civic responsibilities is precisely the element in national life in which the average Englishman never takes any interest—education. And there is a certain irony in this anxiety to place education in the forefront of the first London election after the passing of the Act, when it was hoped that this very Act would remove education from the unhealthy sphere of popular competition altogether. We are paying now for the unintelligence of the House of Commons and the partisanship of the Progressive majority. We all know that it is idle to submit educational questions to popular decision in England; it does not stimulate popular interest but it does prevent educational issues being settled on an educational basis. Banish the issue as between denominational and undenominational schools and education would count for nothing in County Council contests. School Board elections never excited the smallest attention except when theological questions were to the front, which has had the additional unfortunate result of giving education a bad name. Obviously, at any rate obviously to those who cared for the welfare of the schools, the right way was to entrust educational administration to a small body of trained capacity, independent of the popularly elected authority, who should restrict its intervention to finance. We should then have avoided these unfortunate elections which tend to prejudice both religion and education. This is not mere crying over spilt milk. Acts of Parliament are not eternal, and the education committee is not stereotyped. If we can get on this Council a majority who will look at the matter from the point of view of Mr. Sidney Webb and others on the Technical Education Board, we shall obtain administration on similar intelligent lines. We shall have mind behind London education instead of a big debating society run on a party basis, as was the old School Board; a piece of machinery not the most far-fetched and fantastic of metaphors could liken to mind.

However, for this turn at any rate, we have to face an election on the old School Board lines. But the interests involved are greater; the issue between the Church schools and undenominationalists is far more acute. It is not too much to say that it will be in the power of the London County Council to strangle denominational schools or to raise them to the highest point of efficiency. In a word either every obstacle now hampering the welfare of children whose parents wish them to be educated on a basis of Christianity will be removed, or religious teaching, acceptable to the different churches as such, will be swept out of the schools of London; with the certain ultimate result of a merely secular system. The local authority has never had nearly the power in education it will wield in the future. This may not, it will not, move the average man in the least degree, but it must appeal forcibly to every honest Churchman and to everyone who cares for progress in education. We have no hesitation in advising every Churchman to disregard every other issue in the election but this. Let him dismiss the words Moderate and Progressive from his mind, still more Radical and Conservative, and find out for himself about the candidates for his own division, and, having satisfied himself which of them, from their record and character, are likely best to promote the religious character of the schools and their general efficiency, vote straight for them. The Churchman has the advantage on this occasion that he has not been left in the lurch by his leaders. The three metropolitan Bishops took early and admirable steps to organise Church influence and formulated a list of questions for candidates. These questions are now familiar. Carefully avoiding any questions of future amendment of the Act, they were directed to its fair administration according to its spirit as an Act for educational reform. It would be possible, while keeping within the letter of the Act, so to administer it that by means of delay, possibly very courteous delay, and by difficult if not impossible

conditions, to keep the voluntary schools so long out of the assistance from rates which the Act allows them that, when it came, it would come too late to be of use to any but the strongest. We do not contemplate any considerable number of County Councillors of any group or party advising a deliberate refusal to enforce the Act so far as it can benefit Church schools. They do not want to make of themselves a contemptible exhibition of sectarian illegality after the manner of some of the Welsh Councils. That is not the way they would set about it; they have a little too much intelligence. But we do think it exceedingly likely that if the Church did not intervene, most of the Progressive members would support a policy of bleeding the voluntary schools to death. Indeed, before the Bishops took open action, and their questions were formulated, Progressive candidates were subscribing with alacrity to the views of the Free Church Council. Somehow that Council and their policy, Dr. Clifford's policy, has retired into the background, and we hear no more of their questions. At this moment the great majority of the Progressive candidates, and all the Moderates, have answered all the Bishops' questions in the affirmative. Does this settle the question? Is it necessary that Churchmen as such can have no choice between two candidates who have both answered these questions in the affirmative? Certainly not. General questions can only touch wide questions of policy: they can only give a line. There will remain in every case questions of the personal record of individuals in religious and educational matters. The Bishops very properly point this out. The object of the questions was to lay down a general line. No loyal Churchman may support a candidate who has not answered these questions in the affirmative. Of those who have he must make his selection entirely apart from party considerations. For ourselves we do not hesitate to advise him to vote only for Churchmen, and if possible regular church-goers. That is the best guarantee for honesty in this matter that we can think of. It would by no means exclude all Progressives.

We do not pretend that we are satisfied that a majority made up of Progressives who had answered the questions in the affirmative would necessarily administer the Act in the right spirit. Some have thought that questions properly framed would have made any such doubt impossible. They do not know the resources of casuistry. We are certain Mr. Gladstone, and good people of that type, would have found no difficulty of conscience in answering any test questions in the manner the questioners desired and then doing precisely what they meant to exclude. There is no need to accuse anybody of dishonesty that leaves him undecieved. On the whole we do not see that better questions could have been framed. They could have been extended to future policy and amendment of the Act, but that would have been giving away a very important position of principle. The fault is not in the questions but in the peculiar position of the Progressives. What is the backbone of their party? What has given them their unbroken supremacy on the County Council? The nonconformist vote. True they have always obtained a large Church and Conservative support as well; and, apart from education, would get it again now. But without the non-conformists, they could not win. Do not Dr. Clifford and his legion know this? Are they likely to forget it if the Progressives win? No passive resister could possibly answer the Bishops' questions in the affirmative. Then why are all the passive-resisting community supporting the Progressives contentedly and showing no resentment at their acquiescing, as the bulk of them have done, in the Bishops' demands? The situation is sinister.

Had the Progressives kept their counsel as to the composition of the education committee, we might have been placed in a dilemma. The Technical Education Board had worked well; we might have inferred that the Progressives would have taken their line from it; while we had no grounds whatever for preferring the Moderates as educationists. But by their decision to confine the committee, so far as the Act allowed them, to elected members of the Council the Progressives have demonstrated that they put sheer

party interests before education, that they will be wire-pullers first and educationists—not at all. For this deliberate abandonment of duty they stand condemned by their own best men. They have deliberately for party advantage wrecked the best chance of the Act's making for true progress in education. For this sin, apart from anything else, we hope they will get the punishment they deserve in defeat at the polls on this day week.

THE NAVAL POSITION IN THE EAST.

ROUGHLY speaking the position of Sassebo is not unlike that of Gibraltar, for standing nearly midway between the two great Russian ports of Vladivostok and Port Arthur, strongly fortified and practically impregnable from the sea, this naval base guards the Straits of Korea much as the Rock does those of the Mediterranean. For building purposes Sassebo is not in the same category as Kure or Yokosuka, but all repairs can be undertaken there, and it is a great torpedo base; there is an outlying torpedo depôt also at Tsu-Shima where the straits are cut in two, so that Japan practically holds the command of the Korean Straits. Besides this advantage of position her two great building and docking yards Kure and Yokosuka are so placed as to render any successful attack on them by Russia out of the question. Russia on the other hand has to make the best she can of Vladivostok—much obstructed with ice till after March—a port from which access to the ocean can only be obtained by running the Japanese gauntlet, and Port Arthur, situated at the head of an inlet of the sea liable to be sealed at any time. For the moment the Japanese admiral has failed in his attempt to seal it with sunk hulks, and it is unlikely that a further effort will be successful. But his present superiority at sea is only less effective for the object than if the transports were lying in "the neck of the bottle". It was evident then that on the outbreak of war Japan would hasten to invest Port Arthur, provided the Russian fleet was foolish enough to remain there. It should have been remembered that little less than ten years ago the Japanese cruisers made an end of the "Tsi Yuen" and "Kwang Yi" without any previous announcement of a state of war, and Russia should have foreseen what would inevitably happen unless she were first to take the sea. For what purpose had she been massing ships in the Pacific except to challenge command of the sea should the resources of diplomacy become exhausted? Directly relations became strained Russia ought to have concentrated her whole naval strength at Port Arthur, and as soon as she had got in touch with her Vladivostok cruisers should have immediately taken the offensive. She possessed some very fast cruisers which would have had no difficulty in locating the Japanese fleet, she had rather the advantage in armoured ships, and though her comparative strength might be reckoned at not more than eleven to fourteen the odds against her could not be called excessive. By a fleet action on the high seas she had everything to gain, and she could easily have forced it, even if Japan had hung back, which was hardly likely. An attack by destroyers on Nagasaki or Sassebo would have been certain to bring out the Japanese fleet, and an action even if it had resulted in a Russian defeat must also have crippled Japan sufficiently to preclude any idea of her being able to transport a large army to Korea for a considerable time, and time was essential for the transport of the Russian army to the East. But there was no reason to suppose that Russia was bound to be beaten,—had she won Japan would have been checkmated, for she could not then have undertaken any land operations, and even if the result had been indecisive, something would have been gained by Russia. Stores from San Francisco and transports from Europe would have had a chance of arriving safely at their destination and the reinforcing squadron under Admiral Wirenus could have continued its now interrupted journey to the East, whilst the Nysshin and Kasuga might have been denied the pleasant yachting trip they have been allowed to

enjoy. In any case therefore the risk was worth taking, for defeat in line of battle was not fatal to Russia's prospects but it was to those of Japan, to whom absolute command of the sea was a condition precedent to success. There was another very possible alternative for Russia to take—she might have sent her whole naval strength to the southward, taking colliers along with it to seize a temporary base in Formosa, and thence have sent out sufficient force to capture the "Nysshin" and "Kasuga"; this would certainly have drawn the Japanese fleet down and have forced an action: the crippled Japanese ships would have had nearly as far to go to reach their repairing base as the Russians, and might have been picked off and reduced in numbers on their way home by any Russian vessels of small coal capacity which could not be sent very far from their home ports. In the meantime Admiral Wirenius would have been advancing to the theatre of operations and the menace would have been a great source of anxiety to Japan. Such a line of tactics would have quite put an end to any possibility of Japan landing a great force for the reduction of Port Arthur.

But these things were not done. As things are, the Vladivostok squadron must dodge about uselessly trying to evade a blow which is bound to fall upon it sooner or later; its only hope lies in the possibility of escaping annihilation until the Port Arthur fleet is refitted and able to make a successful dash out and then manage to form a junction with it. Such successful dash-out is improbable enough—successful junction still more improbable, since to effect it means having to pass through the Straits of Korea, a proceeding which would entail destruction on the part of any squadron attempting it. The alternative route round Japan is obviously not less impracticable. Japan holds the command of the sea and for her the course is clear enough. It is true she cannot reach the ships locked up in the inner anchorage at Port Arthur with shell fire without lying dangerously close in, but Japanese naval officers know their trade too well to suppose that ships can be pitted against shore batteries, and the torpedo will now be her main weapon. The latest news tends to show that she has adopted this principle of attack, and the rumours which have raised the hopes of S. Petersburg rather point to an effort similar to that made by the Americans when they tried to block the exit of the Spanish vessels by sinking the "Merrimac" in the fairway: such a venture is well worth risking at the loss of a torpedo boat or two, for the loss of a dozen boats would not turn the course of events. If, as is not unlikely, Port Arthur is to feel the stress of a siege, then indeed the Russian squadron there will have to make a final decision, whether to come out from under the guns of the fortress and follow the example set by Cervera at Santiago, or to be content with absolute inactivity. Russia has still a torpedo flotilla that might be expected to give her opponents some trouble but so far it has accomplished nothing, and precautions are now sure to be taken that it shall not have much opportunity of doing harm. The war of 1894-5 ought to have taught the continental Power she was bound to take the initiative, and strive for a command of the sea, unless she were prepared to see Japan in quiet occupation of Korea. The South African war ought to have taught her the value of sea communications. Water carriage is the quickest, the cheapest and most efficient form of transport for both troops and stores. Russia will now find that her faulty conception of naval strategy has involved her in an expenditure of millions which might have been saved, had she known how to make use of her fleet. Japan, left in command of the sea, can push her land forces expeditiously to the front, landing them where she will from Chemulpo on the north-west to Fusan on the south-east; the Vladivostok squadron masked or disposed of, there is nothing to interfere with her making use of Gensan on the east coast when it suits her to do so; she has the freedom of the Pacific behind her and from the sea can obtain such supplies as she may require from San Francisco, which is less than three weeks' journey from Port Arthur. She has it in her power to sweep the sea for contraband, and to pick up such unlucky Russian merchantmen as may happen to be abroad. Japan has a further advantage which must

not be lost sight of, she can transport her sick and wounded home by water, and those who have seen belated hospital trains, loaded with victims from the front, trying to work their way through along a much encumbered single line of rail will appreciate what that means to her.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE EXPLODED.

A CERTAIN French wit remarked that if the word "aujourd'hui" were philologically descended from the Latin "hodie" it had "diablement changé en route". The same criticism is eminently true of the Monroe Doctrine and it has been brought home to us in startling fashion in the lecture delivered by Mr. Root at Chicago on Monday last. If we had not the highest authority for regarding Mr. Root as a "jurist of repute", and also did not know that he was Mr. Cleveland's confidential adviser, we might have suspected him of some fantastic drollery at the expense of his country's traditions.

As Great Britain has learned by experience, the Monroe Doctrine has been the corner stone of American foreign policy. It is not only venerable by reason of its antiquity but approved by countless demonstrations of its usefulness to the politician in difficulties. Its very impalpability has rendered it an invaluable weapon in the debates of diplomacy. It has assumed a hundred Protean-like disguises which its originator never designed for it. It was never advanced with more audacity or less regard for the amenities of international intercourse than during the Venezuelan dispute of 1895. Mr. Olney in his famous dispatch of 20 July of that year dealt with Monroe and his theories with reverence such as a grey friar would use towards S. Francis and his maxims. It is true that Lord Salisbury demonstrated by the most irrefragable reasoning that Monroe never intended his doctrine to be used as Mr. Olney used it and also that the so-called Monroe Doctrine had no claim to be regarded as "inscribed by any adequate authority in the code of international law". Unhappily Lord Salisbury none the less conceded the gist of Mr. Olney's demands, and, deeds being mightier than words, the claim of Monroeism to recognition as a principle regulating international relations was by so much undoubtedly made good. Mr. Root has now abandoned the ground gained by his predecessors with infinite pains and unlimited bluff and has brought back the whole controversy to the regions in which all such controversies originally come into being.

We are not finding fault with this distinguished jurist. We only desire to make clear how serious is the breach he has made in the diplomatic arguments on which American statesmen have relied. His statements will henceforward be claimed as valuable evidence against all extravagant claims made on behalf of Monroeism as a maxim either of international law or of Republican principles for we learn from Mr. Root that "The Monroe Doctrine is an assertion of our right for our own interest to interfere with the action of every other nation in those parts of this hemisphere where others are sovereign and where we have no sovereignty or claim of sovereignty and to say 'If you do this and do so even by the consent of the Sovereign we shall regard it as an unfriendly act because it will affect us injuriously'. It is said that the Monroe doctrine is not a rule of international law. It is not a rule at all, it is an assertion of a right under the universal rule that all sovereignty is held subject to limitations in its exercise arising from the just interests of other nations".

Now let us contrast this very plain speaking with that of Mr. Olney in 1895 when the canonisation, or at least the beatification, of Monroeism was proclaimed to a wondering universe amid much laudation of the Republican principle and other rhetoric hardly material to the purpose in hand. Mr. Olney defined it in various passages as "a doctrine of American public law long and firmly established and supported" "a doctrine of American public law well founded in principle and abundantly sanctioned by precedent which entitles

and requires the United States to treat as an injury to itself the forcible assumption by an European Power of political control over an American State". He also defined it as the "peculiarly and distinctively American form of a general rule". "The rule thus defined has been the accepted public law of this country ever since its promulgation." There is no need to recall Mr. Olney's disquisition on the "moral interests" involved or his invocation to the doctrine of Monroe to protect "the inalienable right of self-government" against "the Monarchical Principle". But what would his illustrious forerunner have made of Mr. Root's declaration that self-interest alone was the guide in the application of Monroeism, which was to be according to Mr. Olney the special weapon of a nation claiming to be "practically sovereign" in the American continent "by reason of its high character as a civilised State and because wisdom and justice and equity are the invariable characteristics of the dealings of the United States"!

We must say that we vastly prefer Mr. Root's audacious frankness to Mr. Olney's unctuous rectitude, but how can it be reconciled with the previous arguments of American statesmen? If we mistake not, it has been hailed by philo-American journals in this country as a maxim of international law accepted by us that the United States should have the right to control the relations of Europe with the smaller States of the American continent. After the candid confession of Mr. Root this argument, always ridiculous because unsupported by history or common sense, cannot stand for a moment. Any other people will accept the intervention of the United States or not just as it suits their purpose. This may have been so before, but we at all events can no longer be met with Lord Salisbury's surrender as a precedent. In fact Mr. Root very emphatically supports the reasoning of Lord Salisbury. "The United States", wrote the latter in his despatch of 26 November, 1895, "have a right, like any other nation, to interfere in any controversy by which their own interests are affected and they are the judge whether those interests are touched and in what manner they should be sustained. But their rights are in no way strengthened or extended by the fact that the controversy affects some territory which is called American. . . . Mr. Olney's principle that 'American questions are for American decision' even if it received any countenance from the language of President Monroe (which it does not) cannot be sustained by any reasoning drawn from the law of nations".

Lord Salisbury and Mr. Root are at one then in regarding the so-called "Monroe Doctrine" as in no sense a rule of international law, nor indeed a "rule at all", not even we may presume of "American public law", as Mr. Olney boasted. But for all this Mr. Root would give it a more startling extension than it has ever received before. He claims "a right" on the part of the United States to interfere in all the affairs of other American States whenever their interests may seem affected. This "right" is simply the right of the stronger and has been acted upon by all States in all stages of the world's history wherever they have felt able to enforce it. There is no earthly reason why Mr. Root should have confined his claims on behalf of his country to interference in the Western Hemisphere. It would apply equally well to a diplomatic or armed interference between Japan and Russia on behalf of Chinese trade, or between Turkey and her Christian subjects on behalf of American missionary establishments.

Mr. Root is perfectly right in saying that there is here no rule of public law at all; but we may also ask why then drag in Monroe and his Doctrine? Except for old association's sake that venerable fiction may henceforth be relegated to the limbo of political vanity "where entity and quiddity, the ghosts of defunct (doctrines) fly". The doctrine of Monroe was that the United States would regard as an unfriendly act any attempt by a European Power "to oppress or control the destiny" of any States on the American continent "which had declared their independence and maintained it". It was a far cry from that simple enunciation of a national policy in a particular case to Mr. Olney's and President Cleveland's claim to interfere in our boundary

disputes with a South American republic, but Mr. Root's claim to ignore the sovereign rights of other American States is the queerest deduction from the original theory that could have been imagined by man. It would certainly not be inconsistent with the doctrine of self-interest so boldly advanced by Mr. Root, but why not leave Monroe and his "doctrine" out of the question? The new position has no more to do with either of them or with any distinctive American policy than with the Donation of Constantine.

KILLING THE NAVAL CRAMMER.

THE boys of twelve or thirteen who are about to enter the Naval College at Osborne are too young to appreciate their luck in coming under the new scheme of naval training. Older people who hate the oppressive absurdities of the competitive examination or cram system will congratulate them and the navy, of which they will in due time be officers, upon being freed from the incubus. It is very rarely that a Blue Book affords such pleasant reading and so many indications of unconventional dealings with an educational subject as that just published on the "Selection of Candidates for Nomination as Naval Cadets". As the statement of a method which could well be applied in other directions we hope this Blue Book will become widely known. In future the nomination of boys as naval cadets will be effected on a plan laid down by Lord Selborne. He appointed in 1903 a committee composed of Admiral Sir John Fisher, Mr. C. F. Ashford, Headmaster of the Royal Naval College, Osborne, Commander E. Hyde Parker, of the "Britannia" and Mr. E. V. Baddeley, one of Lord Selborne's private secretaries. The duty of this committee was to see the candidates individually and to put them through a very informal examination or inspection. It classified the boys according to its impression of their brightness and general suitability and reported to Lord Selborne who then made the nominations. The next step was the medical examination as to physical fitness; and finally there was a qualifying, not a competitive examination, by the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board. A second committee was appointed in November 1903 consisting of Rear-Admiral Durnford, Dr. Gow the headmaster of Westminster School, Captain Trevylian Napier R.N. and Mr. Baddeley; and both committees report their experience and conclusions as to the value of the new scheme.

They insist on the folly of exposing boys at so early an age to the physical and mental, and, one might add, the moral injuries which result from cramming for competitive examinations. One of their chief difficulties has been and is to make the British parent understand that they intend to discourage every attempt to interfere with the normal course of school instruction by special preparation for examination. All the boys cannot be appointed who are suitable; and by divesting the examinations of a special character the boys not chosen are enabled to resume their school life without disturbance. Parents will find that they and their boys have nothing to gain by an artificial and injurious preparation for a "Naval" examination. It will be sufficient that the nominated candidates come up to a reasonable standard in the ordinary school work taken by boys of their age. Their chances for appointment will depend more on their classification by the committee whose object is to apply other standards of fitness to the boys than that of smartness in a crammed-for examination. The Admiralty wants boys "who have had the advantage of natural mental and physical development under the usual conditions of a good preparatory school": and the family medical history and schoolmasters' reports as to conduct, ability, and predilections at school will be taken for guidance and not the scoring of marks. Latin had been optional and boys were not taking it. No doubt parents had discovered that it was "useless". Now it is made compulsory; partly to keep the cadet examination in touch with school work; partly because it was found that boys who had studied Latin understood

and wrote better English, and that the boys who did not take Latin did rather worse than better in other subjects. This is one of the hints given in the Blue Book which parents will be the better for taking.

The pivot of the scheme is the personal interview of the candidates with the selecting committee. There is no formal examination; but for about ten minutes a boy is occupied with writing an essay on some popular subject for testing his writing, spelling and general knowledge, of his power of expressing himself tersely. He will be asked questions to bring out his interests, occupations, "sense of humour", readiness of response. Leading questions are put to him about his tastes in games. His views on striking episodes of English history are sought; and it is a point for inquiry whether he shows liking for geography, for nature, carpentry and so on. The sort of reading he has taken to of his own accord is an important item in judging of the boy's characteristics; and then there are the school reports which have proved unexpectedly valuable. One little fellow of eleven and three-quarters was asked what he thought were the chief duties of a naval officer. He replied: "First to serve his King and country; second to be the last person to leave his ship if wrecked; third to obey his superior officer." It has been found possible to make a threefold classification so precisely that there is very seldom any divergence of opinion as to merits; and the conclusion will be absolute as to the demerits of the third class.

The committees are satisfied that the First Lord could not have devised a more satisfactory or more efficacious scheme of sifting the candidates, because it involves such an inquiry into all the points of fitness for the navy as no form of stereotyped competitive examination admits of. The youngest present the most difficulty and there are some very interesting psychological notes as to the varying capacities of boys at ages between which there is only a narrow margin of a few months. In future the lower limit will be twelve years and a third; and the upper limit will remain at thirteen. Possibly, as Commander E. Hyde Parker remarks, some future Nelson may not be placed in the very first division; but he believes that under the system the naval service will obtain boys who are all really good and practically the best of the applicants. With competition boys would begin to be crammed at eight or nine; and the "Britannia" statistics bear witness to the far-reaching evils of such early forcing. Moreover all cadets are on probation, and as the system at Osborne will follow the lines of the preliminary selection, the process of elimination will be carried on more regularly according to capacity and conduct than it could be under a competitive system—there will be greater uniformity in the final product. With regard to the nominations which result from the selection by the interviewing committee and the result of the qualifying examination the Admiralty especially wishes parents to take notice of these two points. First that nominations cannot be given to all even of the good boys. Secondly that on this very account a special competitive naval examination has ceased to be held so that anything but ordinary school education has been rendered unnecessary: and if the boy does not get his nomination he can resume his work without any break. This is why, amongst other reasons, Latin has been made a compulsory subject. Dr. Gow gives other excellent reasons in his report for making Latin compulsory which should appeal to parents. Mr. Baddeley emphasises the views of the Admiralty when he says it is regretted that quite a number of parents have removed their sons from good private schools and subjected them to special tuition. One may gather from this that parents will not increase their sons' chances by subjecting them to cramming. We have been exceedingly interested in this Blue Book which we recommend to the careful study of all educationists. Lord Selborne expresses the impression we have received from it in saying that the experiment has been completely successful. It has shown that there are other ways than competitive examinations of finding out the best boys. He also anticipates a question which some readers may put by adding that the system provides a complete guarantee against any suspicion of jobbery in the granting of nominations.

WINTER IN THE SPANISH MARISMAS.

WE are running before a light breeze in a *falucho* on the first of the flood along one of the wide tidal channels which intersect the great delta of the Guadalquivir. On both sides of us are steep mud banks backed by a thick fringe of high canes with tufted heads like pampas grass. Beyond this extend tens of thousands of acres of absolutely flat alluvial land, *marisma*, treeless and without any shelter or cover save that afforded by tussocks of rushes or sea-bent. Between these plants, also where the scanty winter growth of herbage has not to some degree bound together the surface, the ground is in a more or less melting condition, which a shower of rain soon converts into a sea of mud. On our starboard hand is the *Isla Mayor* over twenty-four miles in length and at places six to eight miles wide, the largest of the big islands which lie below Seville. From the deck of our vessel (it is now low water) the feathery cane brakes on the grass-grown banks limit our view, but by climbing to the ridge-pole of our tent-like habitation, or still better to the heavy double block through which is rove the main halyard purchase of our huge lateen sail, it is possible to get a good idea of our more distant surroundings. These it is not difficult to describe; for as far as the eye can reach, the immediate horizon is bounded by a rufous grey line of scrub or maritime herbage—as level as the ocean itself without any break over its surface or points to catch the eye save the scattered herds of mares sheep or cattle, which at certain seasons in the year find sufficient grazing in these extraordinary wastes. Only at far-apart points is the distant line of this horizon broken by what at sea would be pronounced at first sight to be the topgallant sails of some sailing vessel hull down. In one direction only, to the north—we know it must be north by the position of the sun—can we discern an undeniable link between us and civilised life, for there we note a white cortijo or farmhouse, and cortijos at least must be the work of some men's hands. On a clear day such as is this, at ranges varying from twenty to fifty miles, the purple outline of distant hills and the pale blue serrated summits of the still more distant sierras appear here and again to the east and south, fitfully and unexpectedly, with no seeming connexion between them, much as far-distant mountain peaks emerge out of the waters of the ocean.

Saving the few local landmarks afforded by the *chosas*, it would be hard to imagine a more bewildering locality or a more illimitable region even in the deserts of the Sudan or the open veld of South Africa. Certainly I have never been in a country where it is more difficult to localise precisely one's position although we are provided with an admirable map of the district, produced by the Spanish "*obras publicas*" from whom our Intelligence Branch at the War Office might possibly derive some information. This astonishingly wild country, generally described as the *Marismas* of the Guadalquivir, was made known to the world of naturalists by the late Lord Lilford to whom I was indebted for my first introduction to it, now some twenty-five years ago. It has been sadly overrun and popularised of recent years by "naturalists" of varying degrees of excellence, ranging from those anxious to avail themselves of the opportunities of studying rare and beautiful birds in their haunts down to the professional collector and destroyer of all bird-life whose object is to secure the highest price for his spoils.

The very immensity of this country makes it the more difficult to visit and explore thoroughly save by water. When one disembarks, the distances are so great and above all, so tedious, for the eternal monotony of crossing dead-level plains often of tenacious mud is only known to those who have experienced it, that horses are an absolute necessity. Thus it comes about that in the present instance our dwelling-house consists of a large *falucho* in which we find comfortable quarters for ourselves and servants and we are followed by a second vessel carrying our horses and two local sportsmen. Upon reaching favourable ground, we tie up to the bank, gangways are run out, across which the docile horses gravely stumble

and sometimes fall upon the muddy shore. In a few minutes we are mounted and riding towards some favourite snipe-ground, perchance on the way obtaining a shot at golden plover or other wild birds by dismounting and using our patient animals as "cabrestos" or stalking horses, or anon indulging in the intensely exciting occupation of a wild-geese "drive". The interest of the life we are now living does not, so far as regards ourselves, lie in the possible number of snipe to be killed in so many hours, nor in the number of geese we can slay in so many days, but in the marvellous setting to our lives in this wild region in which we are for the time so happily buried. What do we care for the latest elucidation of the fiscal question here?

To cross any of these great plains by day, now skirting some strip of marsh swarming with snipe, of the wildest variety, now striking some densely reeded muddy arroyo whence teal, widgeon and duck of various sorts rise in clouds of itself a liberal education in bird-life. Even now from the deck of our *falucho*, for the tide has made since I began to write and we have an extensive view over the plains on either hand without resorting to gymnastics, there are endless sights to delight the eye and the heart of the naturalist. Parties of grey-lag geese, in numbers varying from half a dozen to half a hundred, are to be seen dotted about the plain. Now and again a small "banda" of stately great bustards come in view and walk leisurely away from the river bank and the possibility of danger suggested by our advent. Far overhead can be heard the wild call of the sand-grouse, that truly mysterious bird linked as it seems to be with so many divergent types of bird-life. Their incessant cry can be described as a far-distant imitation of the chough's. Many scores of these curious birds are at times to be seen as they dash and wheel about overhead at incredible speed.

At intervals, a bevy of huge griffon vultures circle above some spot where doubtless some unfortunate beast has succumbed. Among the vast herds which inhabit these plains, the possibility of cattle or horses getting drowned or bogged in the deep muddy arroyos is one which is carefully watched over by the griffons. The nearest nesting place I know of these great birds lies in the blue Sierra some fifty miles distant; but what is that to a bird with such tremendous wing power? A small and select party of ravens from time to time come into view, intent on picking up unconsidered trifles and, when permitted, aiding the griffons at the funeral obsequies of some unfortunate animal. One splendid robber of the plains flashed across our life to-day in the shape of a fine female peregrine falcon whose appearance struck terror into the ranks of the big grey geese, on whom the local cazadors or sportsmen say it preys. As an old falconer it would have rejoiced my heart to see such a flight. But what a paradise for such a gallant sportsman must these marismas afford with every variety of quarry to harry and strike down—afraid of nothing and feared by all, save possibly a few of the bigger and slower-flying raptorial birds.

As night falls, the chorus of bird-life is taken up on all sides in bewildering fashion. Great grey cranes with melodious trumpetings, which resound across the marshes for miles, sail across the still evening sky in undulating lines. Far and near the geese are collecting and fighting with that fascinating wild cry which to the wildfowler must surely recall some of the most thrilling moments in his life, whilst curlew and redshank, peewit and golden plover fill the interludes with musical calls and mournful pipings until the very air seems full of them.

WILLOUGHBY VERNER.

THE ACADEMY IN DEFENCE OF ITS SCHOOLS.

THE Academy has made no official attempt to defend itself in the matter of the Chantrey Bequest. But the secretary, Mr. F. Eaton, has been put up to defend it in the matter of its schools. The defence appears in the "Nineteenth Century" for February. No names are mentioned, but two references to critics

sufficiently betray the meaning of a very vague sortie. In two articles in this paper I drew attention to the absence in the Academy schools of any proper system of teaching, and to the deplorable and unacademical character of the drawing encouraged in admitting and rewarding the students. Mr. Eaton accuses the critics of ignorance of facts (without pointing to any instance of ignorance) and professes to give the missing facts. This part of his article is a recital of various matters not in dispute. He describes afresh the system of the schools, with such changes as have occurred and recounts the sums expended on this system, on prizes and scholarships and so forth. No one calls in question the good intention of the founders, in arranging for free teaching of art, nor the fact that a great deal of money has been spent, and time given to superintendence. The question is one of the system and character of the teaching. The only point at which Mr. Eaton attempts to come to close quarters is in his remarks on the evidence quoted from the Commission of 1863. "Some of the Academy's critics", he says, "are fond of resorting to the answers given to many of these questions for sticks wherewith to belabour it, but an impartial one must admit that the evidence on which they chiefly rely was in most cases that of persons who had their own, to them sufficient, reasons for disliking the Academy, or of faddists". It is enough to reply to this remarkable assertion that the chief faddist quoted was Mr. Watts, and that the others included those artists who had direct knowledge of effective systems of artistic education and discipline. All were Academicians.

Mr. Eaton goes on to say that the Commissioners' Report (founded on this evidence), was on the whole sensible, and "only disfigured by a few fantastic recommendations which no professional artist would consider as either practical or practicable".

Let us see how far Mr. Eaton is successful in giving the "facts" here. The point which I endeavoured to make clear was that the Academy School has never had a teacher, but has relied on the visits of changing Academicians, a useful supplement to regular teaching, but not a satisfactory substitute for it. This was the point insisted upon by the Commissioners, and their common-sense recommendation was that "the present system of instruction, as superintended by the Keeper in the Antique School, and by visitors alone in the Life and Painting Schools, should be abandoned. We think there should be a General Director of the Schools, not necessarily a member of the Royal Academy, who would receive a salary sufficient to secure the services of a first-rate teacher". The Academy's reply to this "fantastic" proposal, was that such a teacher, "possessing a complete knowledge of all the arts, might be sought for in vain". As a matter of fact a man possessing such knowledge in a rarely exampled degree, was ready to their hand, in Alfred Stevens. But the Commissioners were not so foolish as to demand a Phoenix. Their idea was the perfectly reasonable one that a school ought to have a directing artistic intelligence and that drawing should be systematically taught. Moreover, and Mr. Eaton completely slurs this point, the Academy was sufficiently impressed by the report to promise that "thoroughly efficient masters should be appointed to teach the different branches of art respectively"; viz. drawing, modelling, painting and architecture. But this engagement, though a compromise, was never carried out, and the schools to this day are without those "thoroughly efficient masters" with the exception of a teacher of architectural drawing.

What has the result of this chaotic school been? Take the roll of the Academicians as a test of the Academy's own verdict, and inquire how many of them owe their training to its schools. The evidence is overwhelming against the Academy school; indeed for the last fifteen years the surest passport to the Academy for painters has been a French training, and the President, himself French-trained, so long as he had a free hand in schools outside the Academy, did what he could to introduce French system and French teachers. That the Academy itself was uneasily aware of deficiencies is evident from the story Mr. Eaton tells of the last great reform scheme. In 1900, he tells us,

certain of the visitors memorialised the Council with "far-reaching" proposals. (The word calls up a mild horror on committee-faces at the proposal to do anything effective.) "Consideration" and reporting went on for two years, the proposals had been pruned into some sort of bearable shape, and then the story becomes actively comic. The proposals were most of them practically accepted, when "near the end of discussion the startling suggestion was made that the proposed changes, though containing much that was commendable, did not touch the vital point on which reform was really wanted, this vital point being the abolition of all preliminary teaching in the schools". I cannot resist quoting this delicious committee-language; translated into colloquial speech it means "Why pretend to go on teaching at all?" Here was a suggestion that relieved as well as startled, the point of "vital reform" was really "touched", the reform being to pitch the scheme of teaching overboard. My surmise as to the nature of the reforms introduced last autumn was even more accurate than I had supposed: the position is not that represented by Sir Edward Poynter's speech, about the "slovenly" character of teaching outside the Academy Schools and the excellent system inside, second to none in Europe. The contrary is the case: the outside schools, it is discovered, can do all the training: their pupils, when trained ("preliminary" training is everything in this business) can be attracted to the Academy by its scholarships, receive a little top-dressing from the visitors, and go forth as students of the Royal Academy.

I have a word now to say about certain of these rewards. On the Academy's disposal of its own funds in prizes and scholarships I shall not touch, but in this matter, as in the more important matter of the Chantrey, the Academy has been given a part in a distinctly national trust, and it makes use of its powers in very much the same fashion. I refer to the trust known as the British Institution Scholarships. The British Institution was an attempt, earlier than Chantrey's and in the same direction as his, to encourage British Art. It held exhibitions, bought pictures and gave premiums to artists of promise. These operations came to an end shortly before the Chantrey Trust came into being, namely in 1870. The funds accumulated for a time, finally amounting to £30,000 in 2½ per cent. Consols. Schemes were discussed for the disposal of the funds by the Charity Commissioners. The original scheme, and a very good one, was that the revenue should be divided up between the National and National Portrait Galleries for the purchase of pictures by deceased masters. The Charity Commissioners might do worse than revert to this scheme, and put the money in the hands of the National Art Collections Fund for the purchase of works by living rather than dead artists. But this scheme was superseded by another. The revenue was devoted to a number of scholarships worth £50 each, to be held for two years by students of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Engraving, and Black and White Design, the students of all art schools being eligible. There was something to be said for this scheme, but by the constitution of the Trust, a practical working majority was given to the Royal Academy. Three trustees are Academicians, a fourth, who represents the Institution is also an Academician; one represents the Royal College of Art, one each the Scottish and Irish Academies, one each the Universities of Oxford Cambridge and London, one University College London, and two are co-opted. The result, as might have been foreseen, is that the scholarships are distributed among the students of the Academy, with reservation of a few for the Kensington schools, and an occasional one for provincial schools connected with that system. Out of the total number given to students of painting and sculpture from 1890 to 1899, forty in all, twenty-five were given to Academy students, eleven to South Kensington students, and three to outside schools. It is not worth the while of able students not in the favoured schools to compete. Exceptionally able draughtsmen from other schools, the most brilliant of their year, who sent in work and have since redeemed the promise they then showed, received no encouragement, and the scholarships, like the Chantrey

Trust, have become a preserve of the Academy and of those who submit to the style of drawing favoured by the Academy. That wealthy corporation, perfectly able to reward its own students, is using the greater part of this public fund as a private endowment. It would be more properly distributed in the schools that undertake the "preliminary training" of students, since the Academy no longer pretends to do so. The students of such schools have greater need of the scholarships, since they have to pay for their education.

D. S. MACCOLL.

PROGRESS IN ENGLISH MUSIC.

IT is plain that it will soon be necessary for D. S. MacColl, Max Beerbohm and John F. Runciman to form themselves into a Mutual Aid and Defence Association. Max, perhaps, may stand proudly aloof for a time, but his hour of need, depend upon it, will come. Here is Mr. MacColl being devoured by that angry dragon Mr. Laurence Binyon, while I am undergoing the process of being torn to shreds by "A Student" and Mr. F. W. Moreton. Mr. MacColl has taken up his cudgel and belaboured his adversary; and encouraged by the stirring spectacle, I mean to say my say about mine this week. These letters arrived at the very moment when I, provoked by certain chapters in a book mentioned last week, but not to be named again, was about to deliver myself of a homily on the subject of the progress made by music in England.

As for the "Student", I am afraid advice would be useless to him or her. Those really needing advice do not ask for it in the satirical strain of the smart school-boy. But whether the questions are put in good faith or not, it is not my business to give advice. Occasionally the performances of students of the different schools form the subject of my articles, and I am always pleased to say the best I can of them—for students, and especially the younger students, love to be praised; and praise either does them a little good or a world of harm. Beyond that a critic cannot go. If he lauds a certain school he will certainly be accused of having accepted bribes; if he damns others, not with faint praise, he will be subjected to the musical cad's last resort, an action for libel. It is not, I say, the critic's business to do these things, to take these risks. If you meet a friend in the Strand and remark that a passing omnibus has covered him with mud, must you necessarily brush him, and wash his face, and comb his hair? The victims of the voice-breakers, and finger-breakers, and brain-breakers, of whom I spoke in my former article, are the young beginners, not gentlemen sapient enough to write sarcastic letters to this REVIEW.

Mr. Moreton opens out a wider question. Let me deal first with his minor remarks. He finds quite illogical my assertion anent organs that "as mechanical devices have multiplied and the instrument has grown easier to handle, so have beauty and character of tone departed". Surely there is nothing difficult to understand in that. The two things have happened—we have better mechanism and worse tone. It may be a case of cause and effect, and it may not. I think it is. The builders for some generations have been so pre-occupied with perfecting their mechanism that they have neglected tone altogether or nearly altogether. There you have a perfectly simple cause and effect. The same has happened in every province of life. The advent of machinery has meant always the departure of beauty. We have machine-made pictures, bad printing, ugly furniture, streets blackened by smoke, the country made foul and stinking by locomotives. Now that the builders have about perfected the mechanical part of their organs, they must try to regain the beautiful tone that was the rule a couple of centuries ago; but before they can do that they must learn to appreciate beautiful tone. What Mr. Moreton says about organ arrangements is true enough. You cannot reproduce the tone of the orchestra on the organ any more than you can on the piano. Such organ-stops as the flute, clarinet, oboe and bassoon do not at all resemble the orchestral instruments after which they are named. The thing I object to is the organist's phrasing which robs the

music of its rhythm and accent, and by wrongly placed accents renders his version totally unlike the original. The question of consecutive fifths and octaves was settled long ago by the masters who wrote music, and not by people who wrote or talked about it; and though those who write and talk about it still think them important matters, composers go their way quite uninfluenced. A composition may contain no fifths, octaves or false relations and yet be wholly ugly. Take the examples given in the late Sir George Macfarren's "Counterpoint" and "Harmony": there are no positive "errors", yet the effect is abominable. Fifths, octaves and false relations are not necessarily cacophonous. They were thought to be so some hundreds of years ago, and rules regarding them were laid down; and the theorists, having no ears of their own, have gone on parrot-like ever since repeating these rules and condemning compositions in which they are disregarded. It is only when we turn to the works of the theorists that we find out how ugly music can be. I suppose the same imperviousness to beauty and love of rule which prevent them from seeing the artistic uses to which their "errors" and "licenses" can be put, prevent them also from feeling how atrocious is the rule-made stuff which they put on paper. From the epoch of Monteverde until to-day the deaf long-eared have always said the same thing about the new in music; and when Mr. Moreton repeats it I silently and discreetly draw an inference which I would not publish for untold gold. And now, all this rubbish brushed aside, we can reach the main point: what "progress" has there been made in English music? I will take one of Mr. Moreton's paragraphs—or part of it—in conjunction with parts of the book I have referred to. Here is the vital part of the paragraph: "'But,' says Mr. Runciman, 'should your ordinary organist compose, he writes anthems and organ-fugues without consecutive fifths and false relations. And that is all.' So it is—all—everything; the unsensational, human music that remains firmly established" &c. And now the book.

First, a quotation:—"In a book written by a woman we may not omit the part that women have of late played in the orchestra of our musical world. Abroad, Mlle. Holmés, Mlle. Chaminade, and others, and in England Virginia Gabriel, Alice Mary Smith, Maude Valerie White, Rosalind Ellicot, E. F. Smyth,—and, may we add, the present writer—have, among others, done work which has its share of influence in the making of what is now the modern musical style." Well, there is nothing like a little modesty. Formerly I was much addicted to concert-going, but it was never my fortune to see this lady's name on a programme—in fact I had never seen it at all until her book fell into my hands and I have never seen her music. Still, in spite of this, her "work . . . has its share of influence in the making of what is now the modern style"—that is, as big a share as the work of any of the others. For the others have and have had no influence whatever: they are all imitators, not initiators. The lady's aim is a high one—it is to enable us to understand music. "The late Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams" told her to write it, saying "not a technical manual, but a readable book—on the forms of music, the different schools; on amateur music, drawing-room music, the character of different styles as set before us by the great masters, with analysis of representative compositions". I have not the faintest idea as to who was "the late Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams"—possibly, as Charles Lamb said to the pompous gentleman in the street, "somebody particular". But let us see how his idea works out. The book commences with a *réchauffé* of the history of old-time music, of the music of the period in which, according to Mr. Baring Gould, the "milkmaid sang under the cow". I have often thought of this delicious phrase and wondered why she went to so inconvenient a spot for her vocal exercises; but that does not much matter at present. We are led on to more recent times. "Then came Mendelssohn and took the English world by storm, opening the gates with his oratorios, and reaching the home-life by his songs, with and without words. He had able lieutenants in Moscheles, Bennett and Macfarren, who by their music as well as by their teaching and

personal influence brought up English taste to the standard it now holds." Alas, alas! this, then, is the progress made in English music. Are we still in the period when Macfarren could be seriously regarded as a serious musician? Not at all: the present generation, musicians as well as the public, will have nothing to do with Macfarren, or with Moscheles, and will tolerate only a little of Sterndale Bennett. But before endeavouring to ascertain the point at which we have actually arrived, let us look at a few more of this good lady's sayings. We soon read of "Wagner and his contemporary and imitator, Liszt". No one knowing anything of the music of Wagner and of Liszt could write such balderdash. Wagner openly stole from Liszt, but Liszt never in the smallest degree imitated Wagner. Wagner by "a continual use of the *apoggiatura* monotonises the expression". Of course, then, he wrote nothing after "Rienzi". Of Chopin we are told "his waywardness has drawn from one of his critics the title 'Master of Ugliness'". Do I sleep, do I dream, are there visions about? I thought all this nonsense was as dead as Macfarren; but such is the progress made in English music that here we have a book of 260 pages devoted to it. Worse remains behind. If Wagner is calmly dismissed as of no account in the "analysis of representative compositions", many pages are given to Macfarren's "David"—the dullest dog of an oratorio ever set howling in a concert-room. However he is not allowed to howl often.

This book ought to please our correspondent Mr. Moreton. The music here held up as ideal is precisely the kind of music he has carefully declared that he likes—music bald, barren, ugly, certainly "unsensational", and entirely meaningless. It is not "firmly established"—it is gone; it is not "human"—it is machine-made. If we must never have any more new music, why write at all? Why go on rewriting the old? Such men as Macfarren and the church organists are the curse of music in England; the little that has been done, has been done in spite of them. It is not a matter for surprise that the best part of the English public obstinately refuses to listen to English music. The public is hard to teach, but when once it has learnt a lesson it is a lesson that is remembered; and the public having learnt that the music put before it as English is dull, colourless, without beauty and without emotion, has decided to stay away when any English music whatever is performed. We are surely making progress—we have at any rate the Queen's Hall concerts instead of the Philharmonic, and oratorio is steadily going out, and there is a good prospect of opera coming in. But the process is slow, and is retarded by people who cling not to the past but to brainless modern imitators of the past. When I say oratorio is going out, I don't mean that we should get rid of the fine oratorios—Handel's for instance—but that composers having something to say are gradually learning the futility of pouring their new wine into the old bottles. The "modern style" of this book, Macfarren's style, is a hundred years old—see the fatuous example on p. 180; and a true modern English style would commence where Wagner, Liszt, Berlioz and Tchaikowsky left off. We must throw away the stupid old arbitrary rules, rules more than a century out of date; and we must boldly step forward and experiment with the living forms of music. Then, perhaps, as Wagner once said, we shall have an art.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THE PILGRIM OF PLEASURE.*

THE passionate pilgrim of these days may fitly enough inquire whether the present is better or worse than the past and whether, allowing for the disillusion of advancing years, the Continent fifty years ago was as pleasant a place to ramble in as it is now. Mr. Shand's book is absolutely delightful. It makes us young again to read it. The style is excellent; the pictures it reveals are drawn with a firm but tender touch, we live again in our springtime, and forget the mists of autumn. The value of the book is doubled

* "Old Time Travel." By Alexander Innes Shand. London: Murray. 1903. 12s.

by its illustrations, which are of rare merit, and are most admirably reproduced. Mr. Shand was a few years before me in his earliest reminiscences, but much that he describes can be fortified by personal recollection. What can ever replace the Paris of the Empire; the bright city, so fresh, so clear, so untiringly groomed; the "Bois" with its dashing equipages; the Rue de Rivoli, not yet vulgarised, the Hotel de Louvre with its well-organised hospitality and its faultless management, the Grand Hôtel, a large and better edition of the Louvre until it became a hospital in the war, the Mass at the Tuileries, the opening of the Chambers, with the helmets of the Cent Gardes flashing in the sunlight, and the Bouffes, where a new opera of Offenbach greeted you every year, the delight of the young bachelor, if the prudish matron had sometimes to sit far back in her box! During the long years which have passed since then Paris has never recovered her charms, although she clothed herself anew for the Exhibition of 1900. She is dirty and dilapidated and she has lost her life.

The first sight of Davos, forty years ago, reminded me of the Valley of Kings in Dante's Purgatory. Coming upon it unexpectedly from a mountain pass, a year before it was discovered to be a health resort, it seemed the type of a secluded vale. The brook wandered in sinuous curves, the church spire pointed to heaven amidst a cluster of chalets with no hotels. There was no railway and there were no poitrinaires. About the same time I was one of the first to penetrate into the recesses of the Engadine. At S. Moritz the Kulm Hotel was little better than a chalet and the Kurhaus was only just opened. At Pontresina there was no accommodation, and the Diavolezza was thought a passport to the Alpine Club. Mürren also in those days was represented by a single chalet, in which a mid-day meal could be had and possibly a bed. But the *croûte au Madère* was perfection, and when our French fellow-traveller cried "*Baissez la cuisinière pour moi*" we endorsed the message.

Some ten years before this we got tired of the regulation tour in Switzerland, sleeping at a new hotel every night and walking over easy passes in the day, so that at Lugano we determined to plunge into the unknown. We set off to Varallo and saw the wonders of its Monte Sacro, we traced in the Val Sesia the preaching of Fra Dolcino, we crossed the Col de Val Dobbia, explored the hidden beauties of Gressoney, now so famous, and by these obscure valleys of Piedmont, reached Aosta and then Geneva by the Great S. Bernard. We lived on shandygaff made of "birra" and "gazzosa", liquids to be found in every hamlet, and grissini, the native form of bread. We found little or no meat. A crowd has followed the footsteps of our exploration, and Gressoney is familiar to poets, Queens and Alpinists. Then in the early days of the Alpine Club how exciting were the new adventures! Once at Zermatt Bishop Wilberforce spoke in his sermon of the Matterhorn as a yet untrodden peak. The congregation knew that Whympy was on the mountain that very day and bets were freely offered and taken as to whether the Bishop was right or wrong. The completion of the "overland route" thrilled us with an excitement which cannot be equalled where there are so few fields left to conquer. As the Greek poet says:

"Now all is learnt, the arts have run their race;
We lag behind, howe'er we force the pace."

What charm what beauty lay in the Rome of the early sixties! I first reached the Eternal City on the morning of Easter Day and drove straight to the square of S. Peter's. It was thronged with peasants, whose murmur was broken by the neighing of the cardinals' stallions as they waited for their masters. The ninth Pius stepped out into the balcony, and with clear, melodious voice, plainly heard in the centre of the Piazza, gave his blessing to the city and the world. The Vatican sculpture gallery was always open. There was no creeping through back alleys, or slinking through postern doors. The Swiss Guard were clad in all their finery, and did not conceal the colours of Michael Angelo with a grey overcoat. Then the society, the picnics, the gallops in the Campagna, the evenings

at the Palazzo Barberini, where white met black, and the bitterest antagonisms fraternised under the fascinating genius of William Story, and the comely dignity of his wife! The post office of those days was not very trustworthy and English letters were always sent to a banker. When Prince Massimo, the postmaster, appeared in a drawing-room, he was beset with inquiries from anxious ladies of rank "Prince, where are my letters? my post is a week late!" and the courteous descendant of Fabius had to promise more than he could perform. Who can now witness a reception in an embassy held on the day on which the autograph letter of the sovereign has been carried to the Vatican on a velvet cushion and presented to his Holiness? The ancestral diamonds of the Orsini and the Gaetani flashed under the chandeliers, the bearers of strange titles with stranger garments wandered through the rooms. The halls echoed with the shout of "Il Senatore di Roma", an office long extinct. If a cardinal or an ambassadress arrived, six lacqueys, covered with gold lace, ran forward with candelabras and escorted the guest up the staircase, while the company looked on through convenient peepholes at the mediæval pageant.

All this is past, but I do not feel disposed to regret it. Rome is now reached far more conveniently than of old. It is the city of air and sun, instead of a maze of fetid streets and festering piazzas. The Colosseum has been cleaned, and the Albani gardens destroyed, but there are half a dozen lecturers making their living out of peripatetic archaeologists, while not one of the 365 Roman churches is without its service. If Italy has gained a good Government, Rome has at least acquired a healthy climate, and the Pope has not lost the devotion of his subjects.

I have crossed the Mont Cenis in a diligence and been transferred when we reached the snow to a narrow box which gave you the sensation, as it moved, of being pulled downstairs in a portmanteau, and I have crossed by the Fell railway, whose leaps into the abyss have given many an English girl hysterics. I confess that I prefer the tunnel and the excellent service from Paris to Turin. The dinners at Mâcon and Dijon were delightful, but better still is the corridor train with its luxurious dining car. Some towns of Italy are spoilt for those whose recollections go far back. Florence has lost its walls, no Brownings look out of Casa Guidi windows, and Theodosia Trollope does not receive in the Piazza dell'Indipendenza. But even here there are compensations, although Florence is the city of all others which one would desire to see unchanged. Venice has become a huge shop, full of glass and furniture which one cannot imagine anyone wishing to buy. Even Verona has its American Hotel with corresponding prices. But if these cities cease to interest us there are always Vicenza and Brescia and Sirmione to remind us of what Italy used to be. Romantic as was the past I prefer the present, when "lightning tours" are possible in the great centres, while there are always to be found quiet nooks and undiscovered treasures which enable us to renew the illusions of our youth.

OSCAR BROWNING.

"SKETCHES" AND THEATRES.

THE theatrical manager is incensed by the "sketches" in the music halls. They incense me, too, when I happen to see them. It seems to me ridiculous that song and dance should be suspended for two or three mimes of the tenth rank to perform a little bit of dramatic twaddle. I do not agree with the theatrical manager that such "sketches" can keep the public away from the theatres. The music halls themselves are the likeliest sufferers. However, I side with the theatrical manager on the question of principle. The theatre should have a monopoly of drama. Only in the theatre can drama thrive. If—a not unlikely hypothesis—the quality of these "sketches" were improved; if persons of talent were suborned to write them; and if persons of talent were suborned to play them, then, undoubtedly, the art of drama would be endangered. For the persons of talent, scribes

or mimes, could not do their best work under such conditions; and the fact of its being their work would lower the currency all round. Good wishes, then, to the crusade of the theatrical manager against the manager of the music hall. But I do not approve the manner in which Mr. Charles Frohman is fighting the common foe of himself and his brethren. It were better not to carry the war into the enemy's country; and that is what Mr. Frohman is doing just now, from the Duke of York's Theatre. He "presents" not merely "Captain Dieppe", a light comedy by Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Harrison Rhodes: he "presents" also, half an hour earlier, "The Dandies". I went early to see (as I expected) it, and was surprised to find "them". I was surprised to find on this classic stage two ebullient gentlemen in purple coats, and two ladies in black and silver, singing comic part-songs. They withdrew ere the curtain rose on the light comedy, and were not seen again. But they had the obvious air of being the thin end of the wedge. I foresee that in the immediate future Mr. Frohman will "present" "turns" in every entr'acte. A little later, there will be "turns" in the course of the play. The Duke of York's will at length be devoted, like so many of the other theatres, to musical comedy. That would be a score off the music-hall managers. But it would not be a useful score. Leave "turns" to the music hall, and the music hall will the likelier cease its clutchings at drama.

I confess there were moments in the light comedy when I sighed for a brief interlude by "The Dandies"; so very severe was the strain of following the plot. I am no grudger of mental effort. My usual grievance against plays is that they demand no mental effort of any kind. Still, when a play does make such a demand, one has to consider afterwards what it has given one in return. And "Captain Dieppe" seemed to have given me rather little. Ingenuity in drama is but a means to an end. The point of a dramatic intrigue is not how much is closely knotted and deftly unravelled, but how much we are edified by the process. In other words, we must be interested in the persons of the play: they must appear to us as human beings, or, at least, as brilliant figments. The persons in "Captain Dieppe" do not appear to me in either light. They appear to me as unreal, and as uninteresting, in themselves, as the pieces in a game of chess. In chess the moves are everything; but in drama the quality of the pieces is the principal matter. Take a Shakespearean comedy. Who cares for the silly little ins-and-outs and upside-downs of the plot, however craftily manipulated? What delights us is the vividness of the characters, and the vivid beauty of the words they speak. Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Harrison Rhodes have themselves taken something very like a Shakespearean comedy; and, though they have transferred it into the present time, they have pointed the likeness by giving an Italian setting and mostly Italian names to their (very English) characters. Lucia and Emilia are bosom friends. Emilia is suspected by Andrea, her husband, of loving Paul. The two are not on speaking terms. Both are living in the same castle, but they do not meet. It is important that Emilia should see Paul once again. Lucia agrees to remain in the castle, while Emilia dresses up as Lucia and starts on her journey. Comes a stranger, a wanderer, the hero. He is fascinated by Lucia, whom he supposes to be Emilia. Later he sees Andrea, who likes him very much, and makes him promise to act as intermediary between Emilia and himself. The hero is thus wedged between love and duty. Emilia returns, and the hero sees her in the embrace of Andrea. Imagining Andrea to be a faithless profligate, he feels that there is no opposition between love and duty. Finally, everything is cleared up. There you have baldly the plot. It is just the sort of plot Shakespeare would have stolen; and Shakespeare, doubtless, would have made it delightful. But take away Shakespeare's poetry, and his power of making puppets seem quite like human beings; and substitute some side-issues about modern European politics, and secret police, and stolen bank-notes: substitute, in fact, Sardou; and there you have "Captain

Dieppe", a not exhilarating hybrid. However, Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Miss Miriam Clements, as Lucia and Emilia, keep up an appearance of sprightliness; and Mr. H. B. Irving puts a bold front on the part of the hero. Evidently he is glad to be, as are we to see him, once more detached from that modern English milieu which is so incongruous with him. As a foreigner of uncertain date (for he wears a romantic costume, apt to a soldier of fortune in whatever historic or prehistoric period you will), he lets himself go, or rather is able to preserve himself, to very gallant effect.

At the New Theatre is "My Lady of Rosedale", adapted by Mr. Comyns Carr from "La Châtelaine". It has the especial merit, the very rare merit, of not seeming like an adaptation. I have neither seen nor read the original play, which is said to be an early work, furbished up by the author after the successes of his prime. Certainly, it has not the peculiar sharp qualities by which M. Capus is distinct from other French playwrights. For no adapter, however ingenious, could have altogether eliminated them, had they been there; nor could any adapter, however patriotic, have resisted the temptation to preserve as much of them as possible. But the slightest trace of le vrai et véritable Capus would have been quite fatal to the verisimilitude of a play about English people. "My Lady of Rosedale" bears no such trace. Without the evidence of the programme, I should have vowed that Mr. Carr had written all of it himself. And that is the greatest possible tribute to his skill. To adapt a play by even the least French of Frenchmen without implicitly betraying its origin is of all theatrical tasks the hardest. I suspect, from internal evidence, that a great deal of "My Lady of Rosedale" is indeed Mr. Carr's own undiluted output. For years Mr. Carr has been accounted the most accomplished of all after-dinner speakers. How many tables has he kept in a roar, hushing them, at exactly the right moment, by a peroration instinct with true emotion for the subject of his toast! No one else has a touch quite so sure and masterly in this art. And what other art can be quite so gratifying to the adept in it? To a man who can always be counted on for a good after-dinner speech it must be a temptation to make after-dinner speeches even before breakfast—to make them even when he is adapting a play, and to incorporate them in his MS. Rather a dangerous temptation, this; for an after-dinner speech depends as much on the mode of its delivery as on its matter; and there are on the English stage so few actors who can be agreeably consecutive. But in writing "My Lady of Rosedale" Mr. Carr was safely able to let himself go. For was not the play to be produced by Sir Charles Wyndham? And is not Sir Charles pre-eminent for his power of so modulating a monologue that we can listen delightedly for any number of minutes at a stretch? A powerful, an irresistible combination—after-dinner speeches composed by Mr. Carr and delivered by Sir Charles. "My Lady of Rosedale" simply teems with them. Some of them are compressed. Some are almost fragmentary. But others are whole, unabridged, verbatim; and it is in this form that they give us the keenest pleasure. If the whole play were but a sometimes interrupted monologue, Sir Charles' strong and supple art would carry it safely through, and we should be resenting only the interruptions. On the other hand, from the strictly dramatic standpoint, it is well that the action of a play in which one of the characters has a great deal to say should be more or less affected by the things which that character says. "My Lady of Rosedale" does not fulfil this requirement. Mr. Ralph Wigram, lover and raisonneur, has a great deal to say, and the other characters listen very attentively to him; yet, though he professes to be a man who always gets his own way, he does not seem to make converts. When he does get his own way, it is through some quite external bit of luck. In the last act, for example, he delivers a magnificent homily to the villain—a man who refuses (for motives of spite) to let his wife divorce him. He launches the most awful threats, he insinuates the most exquisite cajoleries. Like Sir Macklin, he argues high, he argues low, he also argues round about him. He leaves the villain without a leg to stand on. And yet the villain continues calmly to stand.

Comes an opportune telegram, to announce that the husband of the rich lady who loves the villain has died conveniently; and then, but not till then, comes the happy ending—tamely, lamely. How tame and lame it would be if, at a dinner given in aid of some deserving charity, and after one of Mr. Carr's most eloquent appeals, all the donors proclaimed that their munificence was a mere whim, quite unconnected with anything that had fallen from Mr. Carr's lips! Perhaps the French prototype of Mr. Wigram was a man with no special gift of eloquence—a mere nonentity, dependent on opportune telegrams. But Mr. Wigram himself is irresistible, and, being an irresistible force that sweeps nothing before it, he is rather absurd.

MAX BEERBOHM.

THE CITY.

THE Bank of England continues to command the situation in the money market chiefly in consequence of the large payments on account of revenue and of the usual "window dressing" by the banks in preparation for their monthly balance sheets. It is difficult to see what good purpose is served by these regular monthly operations of the banks—public attention has been so often drawn to the matter that we cannot suppose that shareholders or depositors believe that the supply of coin shown in the balance sheets represents the normal figures—the only practical result is to accentuate the stringency which arises from other causes at certain periods of the year, and to give an additional jar to the sensitive machinery of the money market.

The tale of gloom and depression gathers in the Stock Exchange and with hardly an exception the record during the past week has been that of a steady falling away of prices. Members returned on Monday to find that after the close of the House on Saturday last, a panic had developed in Paris, the worst, it is stated, that has been known there for thirty years. Prices broke in all directions but principally among foreign stocks—the support given by the South African houses who readily absorbed the shares offered having a steadying effect in South African mining shares. A slight return of confidence took place on Tuesday but the failure of a banker in Berlin again made the market nervous and apprehensive of further trouble. The only satisfaction to be gleaned is that London is not by any means heavily committed in international stocks. We understand that a powerful syndicate headed by the Ottoman Bank in Paris has been formed to support Turkish issues and as the political outlook in the Near East looks more reassuring at the moment a better tone has been imparted to those stocks.

The traffic returns of Home rails have been poor and owing to the extreme severity of the winter the returns of the Canadian lines have been extremely bad—the same cause has also adversely affected American lines in the northern parts of the United States. We have frequently directed attention to the satisfactory progress of the Argentine railway companies and the returns from that country together with our private advices confirm us in the belief that quotations will advance further.

In regard to the mining markets the improvement, which promised at one time during the account to turn the differences in favour of the "bulls", was not sustained and the making-up prices closely approximated to those ruling at the close of the previous account.

The announcement of the result of the poll for the appointment of directors to the Associated Northern Blocks is in the nature of a victory for Mr. Landau and his party, but whether that will ultimately prove to be of advantage to the affairs of the company remains to be seen: it has been a sorry and sordid business and the bona fide investors in the company are, we should imagine, disgusted at the whole affair.

We should recommend the shareholders of the banks concerned to study carefully the correspondence recently published by the Standard Bank of South Africa, in

regard to the circumstances attending the seizure of £255,000 from the British banks by the late South African Republic. The suggestion is that shareholders should endeavour to bring before their Parliamentary representatives the facts of the case with a view to a discussion of the affair in Parliament. Be the extreme legal aspect of the matter what it may, there would appear to be little doubt as to the strong case in equity held by the banks to those who are aware of the services rendered to the Government by the banks; it is surprising that elementary justice, as it appears to the ordinary individual, should be denied to them.

RECENT INSURANCE REPORTS.

FRIENDS' PROVIDENT. CITY OF GLASGOW.

CONSIDERING that the Friends' Provident Institution confines its operations to the Society of Friends and those connected therewith, it manages to obtain each year a very fair volume of new business. The new sums assured in 1903 amounted to £180,000, which however is considerably less than the average of recent years. At the beginning of last year it issued a new prospectus which struck us as containing many attractive features. This is a somewhat rare occurrence for so conservative an association and it might have been expected that an increase, rather than a decrease, in the new business would have been the result. A slight falling off of new business is not, however, a matter of importance, and more than enough new entrants have been obtained to compensate for the policies terminated by maturity and to produce a slight increase in the premium income. The important point is that rigid economy has been maintained, since, including the expenses of the valuation, the expenditure was less than 10 per cent. of the premium income. This ratio is equivalent to 70 per cent. of the new premiums and 7 per cent. of the renewal premiums, proportions which are well below the average of British offices. This economical rate of working enables more than 5 per cent. of the premium income to be accumulated for bonuses, since the provision for expenses is over 15 per cent. of the premiums.

The mortality experience of the institution is generally favourable and last year only 95 deaths occurred as against the 145 expected and provided for. The amount of the claims is also greatly within the expectation. As would naturally be expected from such a society, the policies when once taken are usually kept in force, and the average duration of those which became claims last year was the exceptionally long period of thirty-one years. It is a truism among insurance companies that "the business that pays is the business that stays".

The funds yielded interest at the rate of £3 15s. 2d. per cent., providing a margin of 15s. per cent. per annum of the funds as a further source of surplus. Like other companies the Friends' Provident has found it necessary to make some provision for the depreciation of securities caused by the continued fall in the market price of stocks: this has been done by making an addition of £10,000 to the investment reserve fund. The institution naturally appeals more strongly than most "class" offices to the people among whom it works and as its affairs are conducted with much economy and success, and the results under its policies are excellent, the Society of Friends and its connexions do well to avail themselves of the advantages offered by the office.

We are sorry it is not possible to express so favourable an opinion of the City of Glasgow Life Assurance Company. Excluding the dividends to proprietors, the expenditure is over 16 per cent. of the premium income, and these two items together must absorb nearly—if not quite—the whole reserve set aside for expenses, leaving no surplus to come from this source. There is a margin of about 15s. per cent. per annum of the funds as the result of valuing the liabilities at 3 per cent. and earning nearly 3½ per cent.

The results of the valuation for the past five years are distinctly disappointing. The total surplus is about £69,000, of which £62,000 goes to the policy-holders,

and £6,900 to the proprietors. The amount for the policy-holders only suffices to provide a compound reversionary bonus at the rate of 6s. per cent. per annum of the sum assured. In 1894 the bonus was 30s., in 1899 it was 11s., and now it has fallen to the extremely low rate mentioned above.

It appears that it has been necessary to write nearly £67,000 off the value of investments, an amount which seems to indicate that, beyond the depreciation in value to which all offices are liable at present, the company has been more than usually unfortunate in regard to its investments. It is stated that £58,000 has been applied to strengthen the reserves, but even after doing this it is not apparent that the company possesses very substantial sources of surplus, nor do the bonus prospects for the future look favourable.

There is of course no question as to the financial stability and security of the company, but it is in the unfortunate position of having nothing attractive to offer to intending policy-holders, especially as apart from poor bonuses the conditions of its policies in regard to such matters as surrender values compare unfavourably with those of other companies. In such circumstances the task of improving and developing is a difficult one. It is however a respectable old company (it was founded in 1838), and we should be glad to see it rise from the somewhat low condition into which it has fallen.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PREFERENTIALISM v. PROTECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bourne, 15 February, 1904.

SIR,—The force of your arguments last week for a clear and definite issue upon the so-called Fiscal Question is much enhanced by the week's debate in Parliament on the subject. It seems to me that the confusion has arisen mainly through those tactics known in the hunting-field as "getting in front of the hounds". We started discussing the subject of preferential tariffs with our colonies, and the old school of protectionists took up the running, outstripped us, and preferentialism has been merged in protection. When Mr. Chamberlain came before us at Glasgow, holding up the splendid ideal of an Empire welded together by bonds of mutually beneficial commerce, as well as of blood, he stirred the imperial instinct within us and appealed to our patriotism to "make some sacrifice" to gain this end; then we were prepared to listen to his arguments, more especially as he promised (and who should know the colonial mind better than he?) considerable concessions from them in return. Now we are told there will be no sacrifice needed, that we are about to embark upon an all-round system of protection and we shall be better off under it. Our position is surely such that we can never be self-contained like Russia or France, and that being so, can we afford to place any barriers to our trade with the whole world? Last year, for instance, in wheat alone, we produced barely one-fourth of our requirements and owing to the excessively wet autumn there is not a prospect of having more than one-sixth next year. Under present trade conditions, no matter what the world has to sell, we, as the "most favoured nation" get the first offer of it, and before we have done with it take five profits out of it, viz. as carriers, financiers, commission agents, manufacturers and resellers; or, even if we do not require it ourselves, we get the three first profits. We are "a nation of shopkeepers" to the whole world, and therein lies our commercial supremacy. This country will not brook trade barriers, or the bolstering up of certain industries (which perhaps only have their own lack of businesslike methods to thank for their unremunerativeness) at the expense of the community. But if it comes to the question of raising revenue by indirect taxation, that is quite another matter, and here there is need of tariff reform. If we tax only those things which we do not or cannot produce ourselves, as is now the case,

it is certain that we, the buyers, pay the whole of the tax which is superadded to the prime cost of the article. But if, on the other hand, we remove those revenue (not protective) taxes, and levy them upon commodities which we do produce, such as corn, meat, wool, dairy produce &c. then it is always possible that the foreign seller, in order to secure our market, is contributing to our revenue that proportion of the tax which is represented by the relative position of supply to demand at the time the transaction takes place. This point I think I made clear in my letter which appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 17 October last. And this, I take it, was Mr. Chamberlain's original intention when he proposed a small revenue tax on the above-mentioned articles, with remissions in favour of tea and maize which we cannot produce.

Since then, protection has obscured the issue, and instead of a conference of colonial representatives adjusting a mutually beneficial trade agreement, we have the self-constituted Tariff Commission with its many interests to serve, asking "What duty does your trade require?" and "What imports from abroad are we to stop so that you can live?"

Small wonder the country stands still and hesitates to commit its guidance to this party or that. In Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of uniformity of trade conditions with the whole world, accompanied by readjustment of revenue taxation on modern lines, and this taxation remitted in favour of our colonies as a quid pro quo for an effective preference to our goods in their markets, we have a definite objective upon which the country is prepared to make up its mind; but the "foes of his own household" have removed the consummation of his aims five years further from the region of practical politics than it stood three months ago.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
ALBERT E. K. WHERRY.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, W.C., 13 February, 1904.

SIR,—Permit me one or two comments on the interesting description of Christ's Hospital contained in your issue of to-day. The writer tells us that the foundation-stone of the new buildings was laid by the Prince of Wales on 23 October, 1897, the anniversary of the birthday of the original Edwardian founder. The stone certainly was laid on the day stated, and the coincidence is affirmed in the memorial tablet in the great quad, but a reference to any book of dates will show that King Edward VI. was born, not on 23 October (1537), but on the 12th. The error clearly arises from a clumsy attempt to correct old style into new, by adding the eleven days which ignorant people in 1751 thought were being taken out of their lives by the passing of an Act for the future adoption of N.S. in all public and legal transactions. It is clear that this Act, passed in 1751, which came into force the following year, was never intended to be retrospective; indeed such an attempt would have proved utterly impracticable; and, even if it were, inasmuch as the loss caused by the error in the Gregorian calendar was one day every hundred years, the difference at the birth of King Edward would have been nearly nine days, and not eleven.

I have the best authority for saying that the change from Newgate Street to West Horsham is highly popular among the boys themselves, whose physique shows great improvement; and they cherish hopes, after another term or two, of holding their own in friendly contests with other great public schools, not only in "footer" and cricket, but also in rifle shooting, a pursuit which the governors are most wisely fostering and encouraging. Seeing the splendid natural facilities enjoyed for the position of a range, the cultivation of judging distance, and strengthening the eyesight, to say nothing of the absence of counter attractions which elsewhere entice "dry bobs" away to the oar and paddle, the corps may ere long cherish well founded hopes of carrying off the Ashburton Shield. There is no fear of the "Mustard Legs" getting pampered or

"cotton-wooled" in their present habitat, indeed, by the irony of fate, the gallery or cellar described by your contributor, which he seems to think may be accused of conducting to this, has lately been flooded, and the scholars, in order to reach Hall, Great School, or Chapel, have been obliged either to paddle along their "tube" like so many pelicans, or take to the open and brave the elements.

One more circumstance remains to be noticed. It is not a cheerful one, but the concealment of such matters is most impolitic. The school, since its migration from Newgate Street, has never been entirely free from some form or other of zymotic disease. Last term it was mumps and measles, while this term one house, if not more than one, is quarantined owing to scarlet fever, and, strange to say, a few boys are down through having contracted another germ disease against which the absence of headgear was designed and expected to provide entire immunity. These outbreaks, however, have never attained the dimensions of an epidemic, and it may be hoped they may die out altogether under careful precautions and the acclimatisation of the boys.

I am, Sir, yours,
W. J. GARNETT.

"HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF SOUTH WALES."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Northampton, 22 February, 1904.

SIR,—Your reviewer described the above book as "put together hastily after a dash through the districts treated of on a cycle" in proof of which, apparently, he quotes a number of inaccuracies and alleged ones which relate almost wholly to ancient Welsh history and have no bearing on a local knowledge of Wales or the length of stay in the country. If he had read the preface he would have seen that I spent six months in going about the districts written of, and must have gathered from the text that much of the country was not even then new to me. His appreciative reference to my "Owen Glyndwr" moreover shows that your reviewer must be aware that I approached this last work with a mind already fairly stored with the history and traditions of the country. As a matter of fact the book occupied me precisely twelve months to the exclusion of everything else, half of which was spent in immediate contact with the scenes described.

I will not ask your space to discuss the importance of some inaccuracies noted as they mainly touch on points which perhaps fifty Welshmen and three or four Englishmen would profess to know or care anything about. Moreover the book came out last summer and has been reviewed by practically the whole press English and Welsh with a singular unanimity of approval. Modesty forbids a stronger expression. And if your reviewer thinks well at this date to strike another note it is no business of mine. But to describe my procedure, when the period given to it is stated, as one of hurry is quite another matter.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
A. G. BRADLEY.

[We had read the preface. Whatever time Mr. Bradley may have spent over this book, a careful fortnight's additional work on the proofs with the books of reference would have removed most of the blemishes to which we took exception. What are the criticisms of other papers to us? Very few Englishmen, as Mr. Bradley says, know much of Welsh matters and most Welshmen are always ready to praise any Englishman who pays their country compliments.—ED. S. R.]

THE USE OF "AN".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Palazzina Castelli, Florence, 10 February.

SIR,—Your correspondent Count Gallatin criticises the use of "an" before "hotel" on the ground that hotel begins with a consonant. This is the converse of

the very common error that the form "an" is required before every word beginning with a vowel. To this error is due the perpetration of such atrocities as "an usurper", "an European". It is impossible to read, say, Freeman's "Norman Conquest" without grinding one's teeth at the constant recurrence of this enormity. It is not before a vowel, but before a vowel sound, that "an" is necessary. Now the first syllable in usurper is phonetically identical with the first syllable in youthful, yew-tree, yule; in other words, its initial sound is not that of a vowel, but of a consonant. The man who writes an usurper is guilty of flagrant inconsistency if he does not also write an yew-tree and an youth.

The principle you lay down with regard to "an hotel" is, in my humble view, unimpeachable.

Your obedient servant,
FREDERIC H. BALFOUR.

THE WORST THREE TAGS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 Westover Road, Bournemouth, Hants,
21 February, 1904.

SIR,—The letters on English "tags" are excellent. But there are Latin "tags" also that should be declared defunct. May I mention some?

"Tempora mutantur, &c." "Cælum non animus, &c." "Facilis descensus Averni, &c." "Sunt lachrymæ rerum, &c." "Dum fluvii currunt, &c." "Exegi monumentum, &c." "Sic vos non vobis, &c." "Non tali auxilio, nec, &c." "Suaviter in modo, &c." "Athanasius contra, &c."

The "Trojan horse", too, though a fine animal, has had his day.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,
JOHN TATE.

[But the very protest that the Trojan horse has had his day has grown old and stale through constant reiteration since the time when the Parliamentary wit twitted Lowe for not suffering it to be put out to grass.—ED. S. R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 February, 1904.

SIR,—I think the following three have not yet been submitted to you:

"Penny wise and pound foolish." "Qui s'excuse s'accuse." "No case—abuse plaintiff's attorney."

As I am a regular subscriber to your Review, I do not ask for the prize; since, to quote one more threadbare tag, it would be "sending coals to Newcastle".

Your obedient servant,
A. L. H.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 Temple Villas, Rathmines, Dublin,
16 February, 1904.

SIR,—Of all our modern tags none seem to me to touch such height of sheer fatuity (Or if once apt 'tis time that we should ban) As these "a sadder and a wiser man" "Music hath charms" whose charms we all could spare And the ten thousandth "stony British stare". High time "not wisely but too well" should fall And "sweet girl graduates" dreadfulest of all. Or that "'Tis better to have loved and lost Than"—meet such tags as often as the post. Further: I think 'tis time this also went That "Art is life seen through a temperament" (Artists, no doubt, and all the rest of us See life just so and nowise else than thus). Here are seven tags: no doubt there are a score I have forgot that need extinction more.

Yours faithfully,
G. P. GIFFORD.

REVIEWS.

A GREAT EDITION OF MARCO POLO.

"Marco Polo." Translated and edited by Col. Sir Henry Yule; edited by M. H. Cordier. London: Murray. 1903. 63s. net.

M. HENRI CORDIER'S elaborate and admirable work as the editor of the old French translation of "Friar Odoric of Friuli" marked him out many years ago as the ideal scholar to superintend the issue of the new and final edition of Colonel Yule's annotated translation of Odoric's contemporary fellow-Italian and fellow-traveller in the East, Marco Polo. There need be no hesitation in saying that, apart from a few omissions here and there and a somewhat tantalising indisposition to make the fullest use possible of some later English and possibly Continental contributions to the sum of our knowledge in this department of mediæval history and geography, it would hardly be possible to improve M. Cordier's work. His additions are numerous and important both in the introduction and the notes; while one section of the two volumes—that of the bibliography—is entirely from his pen. Some of these additions are of the very highest interest. For example, in a section of the introduction devoted to certain "reliques" left by Marco Polo, he calls attention to the fact that the unfortunate Doge of Venice, Marino Faliero—whose fame has been sung by Byron and Swinburne—possessed a ring bearing the inscription "Ciuble Can Marco Polo" and a torque "with many Tartar animals carved upon it" and given by Marco Polo himself to a member of his (Marino's) household. More interesting still, he possessed three swords—fitted together as a single weapon (perhaps a kind of three-bladed clasp-knife) "which the aforesaid Marco had on his journeys"; and, most precious of all, a copy of Marco's travels written by Marco's own hand. Amongst the notes that are specially worth remarking on we may note that on Karakorum with its useful map; and the singularly instructive dissertation on Chinghiz Khan's place of burial.

We have marked a considerable number of points where it would perhaps be possible to supplement M. Henri Cordier's information in minute detail or even to correct it in trifles. As an example of somewhat inadequate editing we may note that the new editor leaves unaltered his predecessor's assertion that the real or pseudo—"Lucas du Gast" belonged to the Court of Henry III. Still more is it to be regretted that, in dealing with Rusticiano of Pisa's "Compilation", he gives no reference to Löseth's recently published analysis of this work; and is apparently quite unaware that a portrait of Rusticiano himself is according to the same writer preserved in one of the MSS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale. So interesting an illustration as a portrait of the man who took down the account of Marco Polo's travels from Marco's own lips in the Genoese prison should most assuredly have been secured for the splendid edition of Colonel Yule's work that we owe to Mr. Murray's enterprise.

There is one point in connexion with Marco Polo that neither Colonel Yule nor M. Cordier brings out into its proper relief—that is the curious way in which the history of Marco Polo and his uncles intersects that of our English Edward I. They duly note that the same Rusticiano of Pisa who transcribed the story of Marco Polo's wanderings, as we have noted above, at Marco's dictation, had some twenty-seven years earlier borrowed from Edward I.—then heir to the English throne—while on his way to the East a book of romances out of which he had compiled "at the request of the said King Edward of England" a vast composition in the old French prose. They fail however to notice another point—that when Marco and his two uncles started for Kublai Khan's court in the latter half of 1271, they can hardly fail to have had some communication with Edward himself who was at that moment not only in Acre but also on the most friendly terms with Theobald of Piaccenza—afterwards Gregory X.—the ecclesiastic who took the two travellers under his special protection and, on his own responsibility, drew up letters for the Great Khan. More than this—

in August and September 1271 Edward I. was himself in communication with the Tartar King of Persia Abaga—and actually at this very moment sending four English knights to make an alliance with him against the Sultan of Egypt. If we press Marco Polo's own words as to the "two years" sojourn in Venice made by his father before returning to Acre, it would bring the travellers back to the latter city just about the time that Edward was commencing his negotiations with the Tartars; and it is not impossible that they may actually have gone as far as Aias in company with the English envoys "Reginald Russell, Geoffrey de Vaux and John Parker". Edward's interest in the Tartars and his desire for an alliance with them began early and lasted all his life; nor is it without significance that, when Marco Polo, after his twenty years' sojourn with the Great Tartar Khan, returned at last to his native West he bore letters from that powerful Prince for the King of England. We can hardly doubt that this missive to our first Edward was due to Marco Polo's recollections of one whose fame was filling the ears of all the Christian world at the time when he (Marco) first set foot as a boy of fourteen upon the Holy Land.

On one or two points M. Cordier does not speak with all the decision and authority that we should expect from him. Thus, for example, it is somewhat hard to bring into precise compatibility Colonel Yule's note upon the words Tartar and Tatar on p. 12 of Vol. I. with the quotation from Mr. Rockhill's "Rubruck" on p. 230. A clear pronouncement upon this vexed question as to whether the original form of the word was Ta-ta, Tatar or Tartar from such a specialist as M. Cordier would be of the greatest value more especially as some of our later experts have positively declared that Tartar is the true form of the word and Tatar a mere Chinese corruption due to the fact that the inhabitants of the Flowery Land could not pronounce the letter "r". Why the Chinese form should have forced itself on European lips in the first half of the thirteenth century is hardly apparent; and, in any case the dispute as to the pronunciation of the word—even apart from S. Louis' famous jest—goes back to the days of the later Crusades. Moreover—and this is a point which has apparently been overlooked in the controversy—the question as to the true spelling of the word was set in precise terms to one of the very earliest and perhaps the best of all the mediæval travellers to the East by a contemporary chronicler. The reply was unhesitating: "Et dixit nobis quod Tattari appellantur non Tartari".

No notice of the new edition of Colonel Yule's work would be complete without the addition of a few words as to its merits from the artistic point of view. The two issues published during the author's lifetime contained a large number of useful and in some cases beautifully reproduced illustrations. Those to the new edition are positively lavish. And more than this they are excellently chosen. The glimpses of Old Venice and Old Genoa now introduced into the preface are of singular interest; hardly less attractive is the "porcelain incense burner" opposite p. 80—a treasure which may have belonged to Marco Polo himself. Nor ought we to pass over the "bank-note of the Ming dynasty" on p. 426 or the astronomical instruments on pp. 448, 450, 454 in Vol. I. Miss Yule has contributed a sketch of her uncle's life written with charm and admirable reserve. Altogether Mr. Murray's volumes are from every point of view worthy of author editor and publisher alike.

INDUSTRY AND EMPIRE.

"The Tariff Problem." By W. J. Ashley. 2nd Edition. London: King. 1903. 3s. 6d.

"British Industries." Edited by W. J. Ashley. London: Longmans. 1903. 5s. 6d. net.

"British Industries under Free Trade." Edited by Harold Cox. London: Unwin. 1903. 6s.

IF we had to recommend a fairly sufficient course of reading on the tariff question which a man might get through satisfactorily without hopeless bewilderment,

we should select these three books. That the conclusion reached could be predicted it would be impossible to say: because it appears highly probable that an inscrutable destiny determines whether one is to be a tariff reformer or a free trader. In any case we can promise plenty of very interesting reading as little overloaded with theory, and as "practical" in treatment as any hater of "shibboleths" free trade or protectionist can desire. Mr. W. J. Ashley is one of the best known and accomplished economists in England. He is Professor of Commerce in the University of Birmingham: he held a similar post in Canada and at Harvard University, and earlier was a Fellow and Lecturer of Lincoln College, Oxford. This is a combination of qualities which should enable a man to form sound opinions, and to present them on a subject which requires a knowledge not only of economical theory but of the actual conditions of industry throughout the world. The book first above mentioned sets forth the arguments and facts upon which Professor Ashley has come to the conclusion that a reform of our British tariff is necessary both as a protection for our industry against the competition of European nations, and especially of the United States, and as the indispensable condition of retaining our Colonies within a united and consolidated empire. The second book which has been prepared under his editorship is a text-book for the use of students of commercial subjects. It reviews the history and present conditions of our great industries, and is in fact a collection of lectures given at Birmingham by experts in their several branches of business. The subjects dealt with are the British Iron and Steel Industries, their Conditions and Outlook; the Midland Iron and Steel Wages Board; the British Cotton Industry; the Woollen and Worsted Industries of Yorkshire; the British Linen and Flax Industries; British Railways as Business Enterprises; British Shipping and its Present Position; the Trust Movement in Great Britain. As far as the tariff controversy is dealt with there cannot be said to be amongst the contributors a preponderating opinion either on one side or the other; and Professor Ashley points out that the lectures were all given before the controversy became acute. One at least sees from it very clearly that this controversy does not contain the whole law and the gospel connected with British industry. There are many other matters which also go deep down to the sources of prosperity or decline. They are as controversial and as incapable of absolute solution at this stage of their existence as other political and social questions with which they are so closely connected.

Who for instance can present a solution, satisfactory to everyone who may have considered it, of the question of the influence and future of trusts in our commercial system? Two writers in this book take a totally different view of the effect of trusts. To one the American and German trust is a standing menace; the other does not take so serious a view. Mr. Jeans, who writes on the iron industry believes, and he founds his opinion on an experience of the ill effects of American competition which cannot be denied, that without protective measures our home markets may be entirely swamped and "demoralisation of prices and everything else" would happen quite apart from the economic conditions of the British iron industry in other respects. Mr. Macrosty, who specially deals with Trusts, believes that our trusts here with good management ought to dominate our market and make effective headway against foreign competition: and he does not couple with this any suggestion as to tariff alteration. On the other hand, he is not sure but that an international trust question is a possibility from which there might arise "great industrial monopolies outside of and overshadowing mere political organisations". When we take the whole body of industrial questions in this way and consider them broadly we see in the tariff question itself only one element in those hugely complicated political and social questions which evolve themselves unconsciously and independently of the narrow inductions or deductions of either free traders or protectionists. It is because the third book on our list treats the question of free trade and tariff proposals entirely from an insular and

not from this cosmopolitan point of view that the chief objection is to be made against it. With the writers whom Mr. Harold Cox puts on to enunciate *laissez faire* pure and simple there is hardly any perception that there is anything in these industrial questions but what can be reduced to the principles of retail trading. Each writer gives a readable and well-informed view of the conditions of the particular trade with which he is connected. The articles are more sketchy than those in the Birmingham text-book; but one need take no objection against the ability or information of the writer. Several of them contribute to the Birmingham book. But the merely trade spirit and indifference to wider considerations seems to mark all these essays with the exception of that on the Coal Trade by Mr. D. A. Thomas M.P. He does suggest some of the ominous questions which lie at the very root of our position as manufacturers; and in view of them he has to say even from the free-trade point of view that the theory is only a small part of very much more important matters. He shows the probability that the successful competition of America in iron manufactures may be traced to the steady rise of the values of British coal as compared with other articles: and the contrary process in America where coal has cheapened in a few years by over fifty per cent. What must this mean when we think that the cheap or dear production of coal implies the cheap or dear production of almost every other manufactured article in our day!

In all this book we do not see the topic of preferential duties treated with an appreciation of the fact that it is the one element in the case which raises the controversy out of the retail atmosphere. Mr. Harold Cox mentions it derisively in his introduction by a reference to a system of former colonial preferences which was abolished: totally ignoring the entirely different circumstances in which England and her colonies would enter into arrangements for preferences in our day. Nothing could be more shallow; and as an historical analogy and inference it is beneath consideration. Mr. D. A. Thomas apologises for a view of preferential duties from the coal-trade standpoint which "may be selfish and not based entirely on economic doctrine". He says "The more speedily and completely the ideal of a self-supporting empire is realised the worse it will be for the export trade of this country". Mr. Thomas seems to feel the invidiousness of taking up such a position as this: and we need say no more than that the bulk of his colleagues argue in the same way without appearing to appreciate, as Mr. Thomas does, what their restricted views make of the great imperial question which is now before the nation. It is on this side of the discussion that Professor Ashley's book on the tariff problem is so much more effective than the free-trade book. For example the writers in the latter have often to describe how the trades they discuss have suffered by foreign competition and from disadvantages which are admitted by the writers. Take the silk trade which as it then existed was destroyed by Cobden's French treaty in 1860. The argument is that after a course of years though the trade assumed different forms more people by far get their living out of silk than ever did before. This is an insufferable kind of complacency; and Professor Ashley treats the question from a different point of view. The social effects of such displacements are a political problem; and he shows that the objections to Government control by tariff are valid if at all not on principle but on the present incomplete equipment of the Government for dealing with matters which are yet entirely within the province of Government. Trade Unionists who are also apparently overlooking the effect of gradually shrinking markets on trade unionism should consider carefully what Professor Ashley has to say of the tariff question in this aspect. Connected with this is the process by which the relation between exports and imports is sustained by the growth of export trades of a low type depending on the degraded and underpaid non-unionist labour with which our great towns and especially London swarms. So also we follow sympathetically the reasons which Professor Ashley sets out for believing that with a true regard for their

real interests the colonies might adopt a policy of restricting their industrial growth in certain directions; a suggestion which when it was made by Mr. Chamberlain was received derisively by free traders and has not indeed been taken seriously even by preferentialists. Professor Ashley holds that the colonies have now reached an economic stage when they sufficiently enjoy the advantages of diversity of employment. Beyond this stage it is certain that industrialism when uncontrolled produces, as experience has sufficiently shown, some of the most terrible evils of modern life. Physical and mental deterioration, poverty, misery, follow it like a monstrous shadow. Great Britain herself is committed too far to retreat; but it is not an absurd proposition that the colonies might, amongst other labour problems they have considered, take the danger of over-developed industrialism into account. A solid empire might enable the division of labour to be effected in a wider sense and under the stimulus of a higher political and social ideal than it has ever had before as a mere doctrine of industrial economics.

NELSON AND THE NEAPOLITAN REBELLION.

"Nelson and the Neapolitan Jacobins." Edited by H. C. Gutteridge. London: Printed for the Navy Records Society. 1903.

IT is at all times difficult to find any two people who can give a similar version of facts, and when political prejudice and self-interest combine to obscure the truth, the sifting of evidence becomes no easy matter. Nelson's conduct in connexion with the proceedings against the Neapolitan Jacobins which ultimately led to the restoration of the Bourbon monarchy has been much blamed in the past, but the principal witnesses for the prosecution are now considerably discredited either because of their political bias, or because they have volunteered information with a view to exculpate themselves rather than to throw light upon what really took place. The large mass of evidence which, under the title of "Nelson and the Neapolitan Jacobins", Mr. Gutteridge has arranged in easily accessible form contains all the material known to exist which bears on the disputed points, and from it readers should be able to obtain for themselves a fairly accurate idea of where the truth lies. Can Nelson be justly accused of acting treacherously towards the rebel garrisons? This is the only difficult question to answer, for here the evidence is confused and indirect. It appears that if the rebels were indeed misled, and evacuated the forts under a misapprehension, the blame must fall principally on Micheroux, a meddling busybody, who seems to have been at the bottom of all the trouble, and the cause of much of the misunderstanding between Nelson and the Cardinal. When different parties are entrusted with wide and ambiguous powers, and more especially when such parties are of different nationalities, compelled to correspond with one another in strange tongues, friction may almost certainly be expected. It is now generally conceded that Ruffo went beyond his powers when he signed the capitulation, and there is no reason to assume that Nelson considered himself authorised to grant other than terms of unconditional surrender to those in active rebellion. Nelson's letter of 26 June to Ruffo, when read with the declaration alleged to have been made by Troubridge and Ball, expressing the intention of the Admiral not to oppose the embarkation of the rebels, is quite consistent with honest dealing, especially if taken in conjunction with Ruffo's letter commencing: "The letters to the castles will have gone by this time". After all the case against the Admiral is a weak one at the best, and, even if better proof of fraud could be adduced than is forthcoming, it would not alter our conviction that the rebels got no more than their deserts: "Nous sommes trahis", is the favourite cry of a losing side. We are not much concerned to defend the treatment of Caracciolo; "He is not worthy to live at all that, for fear of danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honour": Caracciolo played a double game and tried

to save his own skin, and we doubt if there are many sentimentalists in his Majesty's Navy at the present day who would hesitate to make a quick example of a convicted traitor when political circumstances urge expedition. The introduction to this collection of documents, several of which are published for the first time, gives an excellent account of the circumstances which led to the flight of the King and Queen, and the proceedings which ultimately brought about their return to the capital. Mr. Gutteridge is ready to give the much-abused Cardinal fair play, but we think he judges Acton and Queen Caroline from too insular a moral standpoint, and we do not agree with him that the action of Campbell in burning the Neapolitan ships was hasty and ill-considered: it is true Campbell disobeyed his orders, but he found himself in an awkward position and obliged to use his own judgment, the indecision and true Neapolitan shuffling of Pignatelli determining the line taken. Mr. Gutteridge explains "Shankey" to be Nelson's phonetic spelling of Cianchi, but Oswald in a letter of 17 May refers to Captain "Schankey", and the coincidence is curious. A letter of Troubridge to Nelson numbered 163 concludes "I look for Darby every minute to relate it". Is this a mistake for Darley? On 17 May, 1799 Troubridge wrote to Nelson "Captain Darley of the Marines is sent to keep up a correspondence between the Cardinal and us". It would be interesting to know if there is any handwriting of this Captain Darley extant which could be compared with Sacchielli's alleged facsimile of Troubridge's declaration to Ruffo.

TWO AFRICAN BOOKS.

"Big Game Shooting and Travel in South-East Africa." By F. R. N. Findlay. London: Unwin. 1903. 15s net.

"In African Forest and Jungle." By P. Du Chaillu. London: Murray. 1903. 6s.

NOTWITHSTANDING the mass of sportsmen's and travellers' tales about Africa which have been poured forth during the last two decades, there is still room and a welcome for a good book of this kind. We will not say that Mr. Findlay's volume comes within the same category as the works of such famous sportsmen as Gordon Cumming, Baldwin, Baker, Cornwallis Harris, C. J. Andersson, Selous, Drummond and Kirby, but it is distinctly above the average output of the modern sporting globe-trotter. The writer is master of an adequate style; he can describe well what he has seen and accomplished; he is keenly interested in nature and natural history; and although his opportunities of sport were necessarily limited—for great game is steadily vanishing all over Africa—he is no butcher, and seems to have shot with discrimination and care, which is, unfortunately, more than can be said for the majority of big-game hunters, even at the present day.

Portuguese South-East Africa, where the author made the first of the campaigns described in this book, can scarcely be called a sportsman's paradise. In the Cheringoma and Gorongosa country pretty good shooting was obtained with lion, buffalo, hippopotamus, and leopard; some exciting adventures were also undergone, and various antelopes, among them waterbuck, Lichtenstein's hartebeest, impala and blue wildebeest, were bagged. But much of the pleasures of the old hunters in higher and healthier South Africa are entirely lacking in these swampy and fever-ridden districts. Here is a description of a night watch for game. "It was one of those dark but starry nights, which, in the Karoo, or on the high plateau lands of the interior, are so beautiful and refreshing, but which in the swampy regions of the East Coast are damp with clouds of mist and reeking miasmas, and alive with millions of mosquitos. Night-watching by the side of a desert pool or a 'kill' in Bechuanaland or Damaraland, in the good old days gone by, must have been pleasant work; but in the littoral region of the East Coast the sportsman finds that the ardent longing to meet the king of beasts . . . becomes somewhat chilled, as

hour after hour he sits out alone, protected only by the dark shadow of a bush, surrounded by evil-smelling swamps, ferociously attacked by countless mosquitos, chilled to the very bone by the damp vapours, or becoming feverishly hot as a breath of tropical air fans his cheek." Certainly the old hunters had the best of it; still Mr. Findlay is not to imagine that their expeditions were all beer and skittles. They, too, often suffered from fever and many privations, while raging thirst, in the vast deserts of middle and western South Africa, was but too often the penalty of a successful hunt.

Zululand, once a hunter's paradise, is not now looked upon as a big-game country. Yet here the author and his friends had excellent sport with black rhinoceros, buffalo, and hippopotamus. The fact is Zululand is now carefully preserved; elephants and white rhinoceros (a few of which still survive) are absolutely protected; and other game can only be shot sparingly and by payment of considerable license fees. Zululand is, in fact, an excellent object lesson of what can be accomplished in the way of big-game preservation. Mr. Findlay gives a very good account of the hippopotamus as a food producer. "The flesh is", he says, "of a healthy dark red colour, with the flavour of good beef; the fat, often a couple of inches thick, with something of the flavour of koodoo marrow, though not so rich or bilious, is pure white and most delicious. . . . The meat . . . is always so tender and has such a delicious flavour that I think it almost superior to veal or beef, or any other meats found on the civilised table". This is a very fair account of "sea-cow" flesh. Personally, having sampled most varieties of South African game flesh, we should be inclined to place them in the following order, (1) eland meat, (2) springbok, (3) hippopotamus. The flesh of a young cow giraffe is also first-rate eating, and giraffe marrow-bone far excels that of the koodoo, buffalo, or any other game animal.

One of the most interesting chapters of the book is that contributed by Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner, an uncle of the author. This deals with the marvellous "Trek-bokken", or migration of springbok, which, even at the present day, is to be witnessed on the grand scale in the far north-west of Cape Colony.

Mr. Du Chaillu's book is, it is to be supposed, intended as a volume for young people. It deals with the forests and jungles of West Africa—which the late Paul Du Chaillu exploited with so much energy nearly two generations since. We suppose that adventures with gorillas, monkeys, and snakes still have a good deal of fascination for the British boy. In this book, well printed, and ably illustrated by M. Victor Perard, the labours, perils, escapes and triumphs of the wanderer in the Gaboon forests are thrillingly set forth. The illustrations are as numerous as they are good, some of the monkey pictures, especially, being excellent.

HOLY GROUND.

"Sacred Sites of the Gospels." By W. Sanday.
Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1903. 13s. 6d. net.

THE Life of our Lord in Dr. Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible, written by Professor Sanday, is at present our best source of information concerning the central facts of our religion so far as they can be stated in the shape of biography. But the form of a Dictionary is one in which an author of well-furnished mind can do justice neither to his subject nor to himself; and Dr. Hastings' Dictionary, admirable as it is, has a somewhat repellent aspect. Students have been glad to believe for some years past that Dr. Sanday was engaged in putting his material into a more adequate form; and their hope is happily confirmed in the preface to the present book which is meant, we are told, to lighten the future volumes of some of the topographical descriptions and discussions which are inevitable in a full treatment of the subject.

That Dr. Sanday is eminently fitted to undertake so lofty a task is generally known. He has candour and reverence and charm of style, and the power not only of

accumulating knowledge but of bringing the relevant facts to bear upon each difficulty which presents itself for solution. No scholar in England, probably none in Germany, keeps himself so fully abreast of the current literature in every branch of Biblical and historical theology, or is so well able to state and criticise the present tendencies of learned opinion. But this capacity, if it has made him one of the most instructive of writers, has had its drawback. Knowledge, for Dr. Sanday, is always increasing and he has been unwilling, to our serious loss, to state his conclusions in a permanent form lest they should become obsolete while the book was still in the reader's hand. He has allowed more than one of his own works, of abiding value and still sought after, to fall out of print through what we cannot but regard as an excess of scruple. It has been characteristic that he has already published a correction of one judgment which he had delivered in the book before us. He has now assented to the general opinion as to the site of Capernaum, and given his reasons for the change from his former view.

It is well known that the exploration of Palestine, if it has settled many problems of locality, has left others unsolved and has raised fresh ones of considerable perplexity. Dr. Sanday has found a congenial task, and one obviously necessary for the clearing of his way, in discussing the most recent decisions of explorers and expressing, more or less definitely, his own verdict upon them. He has given an admirable illustration of the methods by which scholars make up their minds and of the variety of evidence that they are obliged to take into account; and the clearness of his reasoning and the urbanity of his criticism make it a pleasure for any intelligent reader to follow his arguments. Those who are not specialists will probably be astonished at the multitude of facts which are ascertained, and of traditions and assertions and hypotheses to which due weight has to be given. How many readers, for instance, are aware that the "middle wall of partition" of which S. Paul speaks in Ephesians is now known to have been a low stone fence over which Gentile visitors could see the inner courts of the Temple, and that one of the inscriptions upon it, warning these not to intrude, was discovered a few years ago by M. Clermont-Ganneau and is preserved in the Constantinople Museum?

Dr. Sanday's discussions will be of interest especially to those who have visited the sacred scenes, and they will do well to obtain this charming memorial of their pilgrimage. It contains fifty-five well-chosen and beautifully reproduced photographs of sites and buildings in the Holy Land, and the author's comments, slight as they often are, range from the present state of land and people back through Turk and Saracen and Crusader to the days of Byzantium and Rome and the Herods. The opinions of so shrewd and learned an observer are worthy of attention on these more general topics as well as on the special problems to which his book is devoted. But in many ways it will be of greater interest in retrospect, the contributions of Mr. Paul Waterhouse make the volume a guide of peculiar value to the Temple area. That talented architect in conjunction with Dr. Sanday has reconstructed the Temple of Herod, with ground-plan and cross-sections and elevations, more perfectly than hitherto has been possible. The thoughtful visitor will be well advised to have the book in his hand when he enters that sacred ground, and he will be grateful in after days for its help towards a clear and intelligent memory of Palestine.

NOVELS.

"The Life, Treason, and Death of Blount of Breckenhow." Compiled from the Rowlestone Papers and edited by Beulah Marie Dix. London: Macmillan. 1903. 6s.

One or two good romances have been written in the form of imaginary letters, but we confess that we were not attracted by the spectacle of a story of the Civil Wars told by extracts from the correspondence of a Cavalier family. If the trick is to be tolerable, it would, one supposes, need faultless execution. The

execution here is very far from faultless, and yet the story goes gallantly enough and the persons are made to reveal their characters with great skill. As a matter of fact, the skill is too obvious: family letters of the period would be couched more conventionally, and would in substance be less "psychological" than these. And there are lapses: a lady could not address her husband's brother-officer as "Blount" tout court, while some of the modes of beginning and ending letters are startlingly modern, as is, at times, their phraseology. Miss Dix, in fact, has not quite caught the style. But the story is a good one. Blount of Breckenhow, cadet of an old family that had sunk to the level of farmers, volunteers on the King's side and wins his commission. For the sake of a woman he takes upon himself the blame of her husband's disastrous folly at a critical moment and destroys the written orders which were his only defence against a charge of treachery. The lady discovers the truth at last when Blount, having done her a supreme service, is dead. Blount hardly appears as a letter-writer: his career is described by others. Incidentally they give an excellent account of life during the Civil Wars. The individualities of the various writers are cleverly distinguished, and Miss Dix has a true sense of drama.

"Stella Fregelius." By H. Rider Haggard. London: Longmans. 1904. 6s.

Mr. Rider Haggard, the unconventional, in an "author's note" apologises for his departure in this story from the convention he himself has set. We call to mind nothing in fiction old or new that in the remotest degree resembles "Stella Fregelius". It is unlike any of Mr. Haggard's previous novels, and Stella is kin to She only as the most unlike of the children of the same parents are kin. Stella is a mystical, spiritual She, not a survival from a remote past, but a soul conscious of its nearness to Eternity, conscious of the superiority of the Spirit over carnal things. Morris, the most prominent man in the book, is a dreamy philosopher in his first manhood, the inventor of the aerophone which is a form of wireless telephone, enabling twin spirits to hold converse though separated by considerable distance and unattached by any sort of tangible or material medium. He enters into an earthly engagement and ultimate union with a beautiful cousin, a delightful woman clever as she is noble, when there comes into his life another—Stella Fregelius. Both mystics, Morris and Stella meet only to realise that love possesses them one for the other but not the love of ordinary folk, and while loyal to her to whom he has plighted his troth, they stand at the altar and are married in the spirit. It is a remarkable conception which might easily be reduced to nonsense and bathos. It is handled by Mr. Haggard with ability which puts him as a novelist on a higher plane than that he has yet reached. There is plenty of the old incident in the book, but also a deal of philosophy which shows that Mr. Haggard is not a mere searcher after melodramatic episode. There are a few defects in the writing which a rather closer scrutiny on the part of those who read the book before it was printed might have discovered for the author's sake. Why should Mr. Haggard always make people start as though they "had been pricked by a pin" or "had trodden on a pin"? It was a pity to make the real wife ask her husband to be natural and lose his temper, and the husband a couple of pages later on invoke his spiritual wife to be angry. These are small things but they irritate.

"Toy Gods." By Percival Pickering. London: John Long. 1904. 6s.

Mr. Pickering has hit upon a good subject for his new novel, yet he has not succeeded in telling his story in such a manner as shall hold our attention enough to enable us to pass on without stumbling over his literary inelegancies, his incessant use of five words where three would have expressed his meaning better. The story is that of an orphan girl, Amelia Bradshaw, whose mother was cook and then second wife to a man of high position and wealth; this man had grown-up daughters at the time of his second marriage and

on his death Amelia and her mother were left penniless and had to drop back to the latter's original class. Grown up the girl determines to make her half-sister acknowledge her and the way in which she seeks to do so is sufficiently unconventional, but successful. The girl of seventeen is illiterate and vulgar and is sent to be educated at Brighton and Brussels, but Mr. Pickering makes her speak nearly as much of his strange cockney dialect after the training as before; a girl of Amelia's wit and character, anxious to take a position in the social world to which she felt that she rightly belonged, would have thrown off her past more thoroughly. The story is, truth to tell, dull where it might have been entertaining. It is most successful where Mr. Pickering has to do with Amelia's earlier life, with her aunt the charwoman (another member of the Malaprop family), and her elderly admirer, John Lawson, but the spelling of the common people's dialect ("commond" they are here) is too ridiculous; "pritty" for pretty, and "gurl" for girl, is dialect to the eye: it is nothing else in the world. The author would do well to look to his manner; he is often inelegant and sometimes incorrect as in "the elaborate dignity of manner and diction to which she had attained of late was alike gone from her".

"A Change of Face." By Thomas Cobb. London: Methuen. 1904. 6s.

Mr. Cobb is far less interesting than usual in his discussion of the not very new question of how much a woman's face counts in a man's affections. Take the ordinary young man of the day, engage him to a beautiful girl with whom he is very much in love, smite the lady with facial paralysis—and what remains? Mr. Cobb's heroine, unlike the lady in the "Ambassador", wants to be loved for her real self, and her illness gives her an unwelcome chance of testing her lover. He comes very badly out of the test, but he is such a poor creature that Mr. Cobb has not stated the general problem fairly. We are no wiser at the end than we were before, and we feel aggrieved, because Mr. Cobb has not condescended to amuse us on the way. The girl's own feelings are described with some skill. The hero has an unfair advantage over the villain, for he meets the lady in her period of temporary grotesqueness, he is a doctor, and he watches her return to beauty. His professional and æsthetic instincts in fact combine in his favour. Meanwhile the villain's face is spoiled by a Boer shell—and again Mr. Cobb shirks his general problem, for the girl's action is determined by her accidental discovery that the wounded man is a blackguard. Of course the general problem cannot really be solved. In the Stone Age there would have been one answer: to-day there are hundreds. Is not the Boer War being worked rather hard? We shall soon need an Army List of the characters in recent fiction who fought in it.

"V.C.: a Chronicle of Castle Barfield and the Crimea." By David Christie Murray. London: Chatto and Windus. 1904. 3s. 6d.

There is, as it were, a Christmas number air about Mr. Murray's latest story which is somewhat disconcerting. The gentleman-ranker who has a personal enemy among his officers is almost bound by the rules of the game to save that enemy's life and so win the Victoria Cross. Mr. Murray is too practised a novelist not to recognise the rules, but this particular kind of game seems hardly worth his attention. The book opens well, and, in its postulate of a dishonest but affectionate father repudiated by a spirited son who goes away penniless, gives a promise which is hardly fulfilled. The Crimean scenes are respectably done. "V.C." would make an excellent book for boys, because it tells a simple story with some vigour, and because it would be very good for boys at present to discover that there were wars (not history-book campaigns, but honest human wars) before South Africa was boomed.

"A Magdalen's Husband." By Vincent Brown. London: Duckworth. 1904. 6s.

Mr. Brown will probably be assured by many critics that his book is "powerful", which is the stereotyped

label for books that might have been worse written but could not have had worse themes. In this sense the label is a little unfair, for the subject is treated with delicacy. We are asked to believe that a villager who chooses to marry a reformed sinner discovers his wife's innate moral superiority to himself, and (in spite of a jealous passion for her) revenges himself by reminding her systematically of her past degradation. Another villager loves her chivalrously and resents her husband's brutality. Hence a tragic issue. The woman's character seems to us so totally improbable, given her environment, that we regard the "power" as wasted. Mr. Brown can hit off rustic characters when they happen to be shallow, but he is soon out of his depth. As a satirist of the clergy and their wives he is somewhat crude and obvious. But he is quite at his best when describing a murder. There is evidence of genuine talent in the book, but it is tedious in places.

"Through Sorrow's Gates: a Tale of the Lonely Heath." By Halliwell Sutcliffe. London: Unwin. 1904. 6s.

This story is a simple one, told with unnecessary elaboration, and unduly weighted by the author's determination to ensure "atmosphere" at all costs. A man—a widower—has committed a crime: he shuts himself up in a lonely cottage, and resolves as an expiation to reclaim a tract of moor. A snow-storm brings a woman to the shelter of his cottage. The man by degrees renews his life. But this bald summary gives no idea of Mr. Sutcliffe's comprehension of the moorland folk and the moorland scenery. His artistic danger is that he in Yorkshire, like Mr. Eden Phillpotts in Devon, is constantly dragging his moor out of the background: his human figures are nearly buried in its snow. As their action is rather bizarre—after "Wuthering Heights" that feature must be taken for granted in moorland novels—we leave the book with an impression of undue violence and strenuousness. But it is a notable one.

"Abandoned." By W. Clark Russell. London: Methuen. 1904. 6s.

Mr. Clark Russell's province is hardly psychology, but the interest of his latest novel turns on a psychological problem: the sudden domination of a normal young woman by an hysterical revulsion which prompts her to leave her husband at the church door. The novelist's language is plainer than this. The husband, being to some extent a primitive man, kidnaps her and carries her to sea. Being also a gentleman he puts her ashore when he finds that she is in earnest. It is a great mistake to be half a primitive man and half a gentleman in these matters. Our virtuous hybrid then gets wrecked on a desert island, whence, years later, he returns scarred and maimed to renew his wooing under an assumed name. His life on the island is the best part of the book, but we can hardly congratulate Mr. Russell on his plot.

"The Story of Susan." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. London: Heinemann. 1903. 6s.

This is a very pleasant story despite a certain grimness about one part of the theme. The romance opens sixty-four years ago in the shop of a prosperous silversmith in a town in one of the southern counties, that same prosperous silversmith, one Martin Heritage, being a prominent Methodist and the accepted lover of charming, wayward Susan Planterose. Susan is "church" and Martin is "chapel" and out of this diversity springs the whole romance which alters the course of their lives and increases Susan's stability of character by rude trials. It is a simple story, but one in which the characters are so admirably presented and one told in such an engaging fashion that the reading of it is a pleasure.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Seasons with the Poets." Arranged by Ida Woodward. London: Elkin Mathews. 1904. 5s. net.

Miss Woodward has gathered good things for an anthology in her "Seasons with the Poets," but we rather doubt the eye

for proportion that mingles Shelley and Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, Milton and Mrs. Meynell, Sir Edwin Arnold and Tennyson. Mr. Le Gallienne on "Autumn" leads up to Shelley on the West Wind. We are bound to say that most of the contributions of living writers to this anthology are very passable verse. A facility for stringing together rhymes and lines that run all right according to rules is harmless enough: the dog star rages inevitably now as it did among the rhymesters of Pope's day: there is "S'death, I'll print it" in the minds of scores of minor poets. But the thing comes to a pretty pass when in an anthology you insert one poem by E. B. Browning and two by Matthew Arnold, where to living minor poets you allot four and even five poems: Mr. Richard Garnett, for instance, has five against Shakespeare's two. In her selections from Charles Kingsley Miss Woodward shows good taste in including the exquisite "Lament"—"The merry, merry lark was up and singing", and the fine bracing ode to the North-East. We are not impressed by the selections from Mr. Hardy; or from William Barnes. Mr. Hardy is out of place in an anthology.

"War Sketches in Colour." By Captain S. E. St. Leger. London: Black. 1903. 20s. net.

Captain St. Leger says his object is in no sense to give a history of any phase of the Boer war, but merely to depict a few of the more interesting and some of the lesser known episodes in the advance to Pretoria as seen by a company officer with the mounted infantry attached to General French's cavalry. We confess that we regard any new book on the Boer war with something approaching irritation. Nearly every officer and many privates have considered it their duty to put their impressions on record. It is no small compliment to Captain St. Leger's work that we freely admit it interests, notwithstanding the well-worn ground over which it takes us afresh. He gives an excellent impression of the British soldier on service, whose humanity and good nature apparently were only equalled by that of the Boer ladies in the Pretoria hospitals who nursed British officers back to health or ministered to their dying wants, after the occupation of the capital. "We have all heard of the devoted and unselfish work of our own hospital nurses. Of the Boer Red Cross nurses, however, I have seen no mention, yet how many of us owe to them a debt of gratitude and possibly our lives." A chapter of interest is that descriptive of the Boers on commando, though the information it conveys is not quite as special as Captain St. Leger seems to think. The coloured sketches are attractive, though the colours are, we imagine, not always those of the originals. The black-and-white sketches are realistic and often humorous, and altogether the book is a pleasing variant on the mass of the war literature.

"Animals of No Importance." By D. Dewar. Calcutta and Simla: Thacker, Spink and Co.; London: Thacker and Co. 6s. net.

"In India," says the author, "a man is forced to be a naturalist in spite of himself. The birds and beasts simply refuse to be ignored." Perhaps this is why so large a number of excellent books on natural history, both scientific and popular, proceed from Anglo-Indian authors; and certainly this collection of twenty essays on familiar Indian creatures is worthy of its predecessors. As the book is dedicated to that omnipresent ruffian, the Indian crow, it is not surprising to find that the two best chapters are devoted to the bird; and the Anglo-Indian reader at all events will find no difficulty in believing the tale of the crows which, after vainly endeavouring to negotiate a ping-pong ball under the impression that it was an egg, used to look on and jeer at the efforts of crow novices to extract food from what they had proved to be a hollow fraud. Other familiar birds are also dealt with—the mynah, the swift, the cuckoo, and the quail. Among mammals the bats come in for an amusing chapter, and an equally good one deals with some strange mediæval notions of natural history. Under the title of "the malaria middleman" the mosquito has its iniquities set forth; but the author evidently thinks that insect cannot equal the fly as a nuisance, and devotes quite a sympathetic chapter to the spider.

"The Fifteenth Century Cartulary of S. Nicholas' Hospital, Salisbury, with other Records." Edited by Christopher Wordsworth. Salisbury: Brown. 1904.

Though we may not agree with the view of the Master of the Hospital that books are read less and less, we fear that his own work will find little public favour. The fact is that people prefer novels and newspapers to works of this kind: anything in the nature of antiquities relating to England is very repellent to people who want "something interesting to read." The Master of the Hospital has done his work with skill and care, and it is to be hoped that a good many educated people in and around Salisbury at any rate will buy and read this book. The preface is by the late Canon Moberly, who was inclined to think that the Hospital originated in one of the old wayside chapels not uncommon in Wiltshire where a wayfarer could get a night's food and shelter. To this day, it may be remembered, the wayfarer can be refreshed at the Hospital of S. Cross

near Winchester. The present Master of S. Nicholas is inclined to credit Leland's statement in that delightful book the "Itinerary" that Bishop Richard Poore founded the Hospital. Canon Moberly thought Leland was mistaken.

"The Real Birth-Date of Columbus 1451." By Henry Vignaud. London: Henry Stevens. 1903.

We remember how in one of his books Herbert Spencer after falling foul of the style of Mr. Palgrave in the "Golden Treasury" goes on to attack very angrily indeed some writers on history who had dabbled too much in the question of Mary Queen of Scots' complicity with the plots against Queen Elizabeth. Palgrave's English was very bad English and as for the Mary Queen of Scots controversy it was one of the infinitely numerous subjects of no importance over which men puzzle their brains and waste their time—this was Mr. Spencer's view. What would he have said about a book solely devoted to the question whether Columbus was born in 1451 or not? Mr. Vignaud has gone into all the matter of moment on the subject, and his regret is that the documents, &c. which throw light or darkness on it are not longer. We think it not so very unfortunate on the whole. Mr. Vignaud, who is First Secretary of the Embassy of the United States in Paris and interested in literature relating to Columbus, examines all the evidence carefully, and sums up strongly in favour of 1451. He considers that there was a sort of conspiracy of silence among the relatives of Columbus as to the date of birth.

"My Devon Year." By Eden Phillpotts. London: Methuen. 1904. 15s.

It is announced on the flyleaf of this edition that "only 500 copies are printed, of which each is signed by the author". The manner of editing the book was wise, for perhaps no one except those especially connected with author or locality could feel attracted to the work. It is luxuriously illustrated; it

(Continued on page 276.)

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would look well on a lady's table; it could be pleasantly drawn attention to as containing pictures of such and such a bridge or farm; but as literature it is a great deal too luxurious. Pure description cannot stand alone unless it is informed with an exceptional insight. Mr. Phillpotts has great love of locality and an astonishing gush of epithet. He bombards with luscious phrase and discharges remorseless successions of pictures. But from the excess of fervour we can extract nothing new, nothing that helps us to understand and interpret better, everything is generic, nothing specific. In the wordy description of the little moorhens, for example, we get no hint of their astonishing lightness on the water or of their laughably pathetic manner of swimming with head submerged when greatly frightened. The description might have been written in South Kensington Museum. Mr. Phillpotts has attempted the impossible: thirty-seven chapters of unrelieved description is "a thing imagination boggles at" and in which the power of appreciation is submerged. But it is a most luxurious book for a drawing-room table.

The third and fourth volumes of "Hakluyt's Voyages" (MacLehose, 12s. 6d. net) have reached us. Both are finely illustrated. There are some maps of the delightful Speed type, and portraits of William Cecil, Howard of Effingham, Devereux and other great men of action of the end of the sixteenth century. The picture of the battleship "Ark Royal" is reproduced from an engraving in the Print Department of the British Museum. This was Lord Howard's flagship at the battle of the Armada. She was built in 1587, possibly for Walter Raleigh, and afterwards sold to him by the Government. She was 700 tons burden and carried a crew of 400 including 132 soldiers and gunners. Howard rejoiced in her, writing to Burghley "I praie your Lordship tell her Majesty from me that her money was well geven for the 'Arke Rawlye', for I think her the odd ship in the worlde for all conditions, and truly I think there can no great ship make me change and go out of her". Her builder was Richard Chapman. But perhaps that incarnation of Efficiency, the great Hawkins, overhauled her. The fourth volume contains Hakluyt's account of the Armada fight. It would not be satisfactory perhaps to come to it directly after reading the volume on the Armada in Froude's History of England, which holds a reader spellbound, but none the less it should be read. This new edition of Hakluyt is a literary enterprise of national importance.

For This Week's Books see page 278.



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" Slimes	559 6 9	0 1 4'272
Sundry Head Office Expenses	276 12 9	0 0 8'047
	10,543 8 11	1 5 6'718
Profit	14,926 5 3	1 16 8'219
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By Gold Account	£14,831 10 0	£1 15 11'475
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